The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 226. Vol. XXXVIII. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. JULY, 1910. Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 143
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 148
THE READER—
Kate Douglas Wiggin. By Ashley Gibson 149
Goldwin Smith and the Greek Anthology. By W. E. A. Axon 158
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 159
The Fine Art of Letters Humane. By Dr. William Barry ... 162
The Centenary of Martin Tupper. By Holbrook Jackson ... 164
NEW BOOKS—
John Stuart Mill. By Henry Murray... 165
A New Novelist. By Perceval Gibbon 165
Painters of the Nineteenth Century. By Arthur Lewis ... 166
The Charm of Italy 167
Coulson Kernahan's New Essays 168
A Countryman's Prose. By Edward Thomas 168
Another Lost Nation. By Comyns Beaumont 169
English Prosody 171
In Buckinghamshire 171
Holiday Reading 172
Canadian Pictures 173
The Empress Eugenie. By F. G. Bettany 173
The Birth of Two Poets 174
A Romantic Empire 175
The Spacious Days of Great Victoria. By Thomas Seccombe 175
NOVEL NOTES—
Corporal Sam—A Modern Chronicle—The Duplicate Death—A Husband by Proxy—An Interrupted Friendship — I will Maintain — Judas Iscariot — Nightshade—Storm and Treasure—The Illustrious Prince—At the Sign of the Burning Bush —Drifting Thistledown ...176-9
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
The Singing Caravan—Ruskin and his Circle — The Works of Sir John Suckling — South African Snapshots for English Girls—Musical England—The Women Napoleon Loved — Privateers and Privateering 179-81
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 182
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 182

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The August Bookman will be a William de Morgan Number, and will contain a special fully illustrated article on the novelist and his work by A. St. John Adcock. Among other important articles in the next number will be "Mary Coleridge," by W. E. A. Axon; "Stanley Portal Hyatt," by J. E. Patterson; "and "Prehistoric People," by Y.Y.

For permission to reproduce certain of the portraits and illustrations to our article on Kate Douglas Wiggin we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Gay & Hancock.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Photo by Marceau, New York.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Gay & Hancock.)

The death of Professor Goldwin Smith at the ripe age of eighty-seven removes one of the greatest of modern journalists and one of our very few latter-day masters of English prose. He had a brilliant career at Oxford; was Regius Professor of History there from 1858 to 1866; and played a vigorous and leading part as an education reformer. He wrote many books and almost innumerable articles on British and American History, and on the political, social, and religious questions of his time, and admirable biographies of Cowper and of Jane Austen. After a successful lecturing tour in the United States, he became for three years Professor of English and Constitutional History at the Cornell University, then, in 1871, went to Canada, and lived at Toronto from that time until his death.

Messrs. Methuen in England, and Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. in America, are publishing this autumn a new novel of South African life by Mr. Perceval Gibbon, which is to be called "Flower of the Peach," the title being taken from Browning's lines in "Fra Lippo Lippi"—

> "Flower of the peach,
> Death gave us all and his own life for each."

Mr. Gibbon has also completed a new series of short stories which are to appear serially in the *Pall Mall* and *McClure's Magazines*.

Mr. E. R. Punshon, whose new novel, "The Glittering Desire" (Ward, Lock), we reviewed last month, scored his first literary success as a boy

Mr. E. R. Punshon.
Photo by A. Whitla, Manchester.

by carrying off a five-guinea prize offered by *Tit-Bits*; he published his first novel, also with Mersrs. Ward, Lock, in 1901, and his second and third a few years later with Mr. John Lane. In the interval between gaining that prize and writing his first novel, he spent some years wandering in America, and though he found no fortune either in Canada or the States, he gathered experiences that he has turned to good account in several of his books. At length he worked his way home across the Atlantic on a cattle-boat, and started upon the usual chequered career of the literary free-lance. He has published some seven or eight novels, has written serials for many periodicals, here and in America, and in the last few years has contributed over a hundred short stories to magazines and papers of every description. "Every MS. of mine has gone out in the ordinary way, with a stamped envelope enclosed for its return, if it proved unsuitable," says Mr. Punshon. "I have never had any introduction to any editor, publisher, or other literary man, and nothing of mine has ever been published save for the best of all reasons—that it was a better article than any that could at the moment be obtained elsewhere." A statement which should comfort those murmurers who cling to a superstition that editors and publishers do not read the MSS. that are thus submitted to them. Mr. Punshon has completed two new serials, both of which are on the eve of appearance; and he is at work on a novel, somewhat more serious in kind than is usual with him, and hopes to have it ready for publication next spring.

Mr. William Watson's new volume of poems, "Sable and Purple," has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. The principal poem in the book is an Ode on the death of the King, who

> "Pretended not to greatness, yet was great,"

and on the accession of George V. It has reached us too late for review in the present issue.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing this autumn "The Noise of Life," a new novel by Mr. Christopher Stone, whose last story, "They Also Serve," added considerably to the reputation he won with "The Scar." The hero of "The Noise of Life" is an author of the Coleridge-De Quincey type, a slave to opium who, having travelled some way in pursuit of fame, reappears in the family circle.

There are two Mr. W. H. Hudsons; one is a student of nature and has written "The Naturalist in La Plata," "British Birds," "Hampshire Days," "Green Mansions"; the other is a student of

Photo by G. C. Beresford. **Mr. Christopher Stone.**

literature, and has written "The Study of English Literature," "The Meaning and Value of Poetry," a Life of Scott, "Studies in Interpretation." It is this latter Mr. W. H. Hudson, Lecturer in English Literature for the Extension Board of London University, who has recently published "An Introduction to the Study of Literature," which we review elsewhere. Amongst other work he has in hand, Mr. Hudson has almost completed a volume dealing with a too-little appreciated phase of the democratic movement in literature, which will be published shortly under the title of "George Lillo and the Domestic Drama of the Eighteenth Century: A Study in the Social Significance of Literature"; meanwhile, he is making steady progress with his "Elizabethan Shakespeare," which Messrs. Harrap are issuing. In this series he gives the plays of Shakespeare reprinted from the first folio with introductions and notes, and the fifth volume, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is appearing immediately.

Mr. William de Morgan's new novel, "An Affair of Dishonour," will be published by Mr. Heinemann early in the autumn.

Photo by H. T. Reed. **Mr. William Henry Hudson.**

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, whose latest book, "The Women Napoleon Loved," was published recently by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, lives out of the world in the quaint town of Herne Bay, and is very rarely to be found in any of those London coteries where the makers of books meet to talk about them. This Napoleon volume is the first book he has put out for several years, but he is a hard worker, rarely taking a holiday of any sort, writes most weeks in the *Law Times*, and does a good deal of reviewing for the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Nation*, and other periodicals. He is an expert in all that pertains to prisons and our prison system, and is at present arranging for a new book on that subject, "which unhappily for me," he says, "is neither a very popular nor a very paying one." In view of the quinquennial International Prison Congress to be held at Washington in the autumn, he had intended writing a short 20,000 words volume telling the story of these Congresses, but he has not had time yet, nor sufficient encouragement, to carry out his intention.

Author of many books, including some half-dozen novels, Mr. Tighe Hopkins has earned more success than he has obtained. A very well-known novelist sends us spontaneously the following appreciation of him and of his work: "His novels are here and there to be found in remainder lists, and it is a wonder they are not re-issued in some of the cheap series now in vogue. Tauchnitz favours Mr. Hopkins; his books appear abroad in that delightful edition as soon as they are out in England; while here he occupies the position generally accorded to the prophet in his own country. Surely those who have had their taste formed on Thackeray and George Eliot, who can still enjoy Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Gaskell, and others whose characters are human and whose atmosphere is true, would make a sufficient public to justify a reissue of 'The Nugents of Carriconna,' for instance, a book of great artistic merit. Also a book of his prison stories should certainly be republished. It contains one tale at least that places him in the same rank as Poe and de Maupassant. This tale treats of a prisoner who murders his jailor hoping to escape, but in vain; and it has all the horror and dramatic irony of 'L'Auberge' without de Maupassant's cruelty—with pity in the place of cruelty. His blend of realism and delicacy, truth without coarseness, makes him remarkable; and here the Celt appears. Mr. Hopkins is an Irishman, and in most of his attributes very Irish. He has an Irishman's humour, sensitive pride, fastidious taste, chivalry and love of dreaming. A sportsman at heart, he nevertheless leads a sedentary

Mrs. Mordecai.
Author of "The Flower of Destiny" (Putnam's), reviewed on p. 173.

life, taking his only amusement in dispensing hospitality to a select circle of friends, in which his wife and daughter lend genial aid."

Mr. Arthur Morrison has for some time past been engaged on an important work on the Japanese painters, and it is hoped that the book will be ready for publication this autumn.

Dr. Hugh Walker is at work on a volume on the English Essayists, which he has undertaken to write for Messrs. Dent's "Channels of English Literature" Series. Professor of English Literature at St. David's College, Lampeter, Dr. Walker has also served three years in succession as Mayor of that town, and has been an active and enthusiastic political worker, but withal has found time to write several notable books, including "Three Centuries of Scottish Literature," "The Greater Victorian Poets," "The Age of Tennyson," a biographical sketch of Lord de Tabley, and the "History of Victorian Literature" which we review on another page. "Of all the teachers from whom I have ever been privileged to learn directly," Dr. Walker once said to a friend, "Edward Caird exercised the most potent influence over me; and of all whom I have known through books, I am most deeply indebted to Aristotle."

Messrs. Greening are publishing in the autumn a new novel entitled "A Man's Woman," by Mr. Rathmell Wilson, whose spiritualistic romance of artistic life in London, "Re-birth," met with a very favourable reception last year.

Several critics have taken the preface of Mr. Paul Gwynne's new novel, "Nightshade," to be nothing more than an essay in plausible and quasi-scientific colouring. But Mr. Gwynne did not intend it to be regarded in that light; he has a suspicion, or superstition, that there really are grounds, from an electro-magnetic point of view, for believing that we are getting into touch with something much more palpitating than has ever before been dreamt of, and this has no reference to mesmerism, telepathy, second-sight, theosophy, or any other 'sophy extant. It is curious that Dr. Gustave Le Bon's investigation work, referred to in that preface, which was written, we understand, some while ago, should only recently have been the subject of a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; also that a few weeks ago the *Spectator* should have published some articles on memory and functions of the brain which are curiously interesting to any one who has read "Nightshade." There is no connection other than the fact that these ideas are occupying the attention of all thinking men just now. Here we have the discovery of radium, of "black light," and the perplexity of the mathematicians on the one hand; whilst on the other we have simultaneously an intense interest in psychological problems, men and women firm in the belief that there is something which barbaric legends have attempted to account for, and which, even when mythology is rejected, still offers us a taunting provocation. There are one or two hints and conclusions in his preface that Mr. Gwynne believes have never been formulated before, and he is disappointed that though the critics have given careful attention to his romance, they have been careless or indifferent of his theories.

Miss Eleanor Tyrrell.
Author of "South African Snapshots" (Gay & Hancock), reviewed on p. 180.

Under a different Christian and surname that properly belong to him, "Paul Gwynne" is editor of a well-known technical paper; he is a M.I.E.E. and an A.M.I.M.E., and looks upon novel-writing as a fascinating relaxation from practical work as an electrical engineer, and the editing and writing of technical articles. He was trained as an engineer and first went abroad to erect electric light and power stations in Spain. Engineering work kept him there for five years, and then took him to Mexico, Cuba, and elsewhere for some further period.

Mr. William Platt has written a memoir of his brother "James Platt, the Younger," and rightly calls it "A study in the personality of a great scholar." The valuable services rendered by Mr. James Platt in the compiling of the New Oxford Dictionary have been acknowledged in various prefaces by Sir James Murray, Dr. Bradley, and Dr. Cragie; and since his death Sir James Murray has written in a letter that is given in this memoir, "I know no one, and cannot hope ever to find any one, who can give us the kind of help which he could give and so generously gave. We may find men who know fragments of his knowledge, but never one who knew it all, never one to whom I can send any strange alien word and say: 'What language can this belong to?' with a very sure and well-founded expectation that in a day or two there will come an illuminating answer. Yes, our loss is immeasurable, and so far as I can see irreparable! One does not at seventy-three (as I am this sad day) make new friends like the friends of one's youth or early manhood; and sometimes it seems as if all the

Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott and her Daughter.
Mrs. Scott's new novel, "Madcap Jane (Chapman & Hall), is reviewed on p. 172.

Mr. James Platt.
From "James Platt, the Younger: A Study in the Personality of a Great Scholar," by William Platt. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

friends I had when the Dictionary began will be gone before it is finished, and that I too may never see the end." Apart from one book of weird, imaginative stories—"Tales of the Supernatural"—and several lighter articles and reviews in various magazines and newspapers, Mr. James Platt's work was all of a philological character. He contributed numerous articles and letters on such subjects to the *Athenæum*, *Academy*, *Notes and Queries*, and to divers German and Dutch philological magazines. His scholarship covered an unusually wide linguistic field; he specialised in remote and little known languages, and was probably the greatest authority of his day on certain Oriental, American, African, Polynesian and other far-off tongues. The story of his life, essentially the retired and quiet life of a scholar, is told by Mr. William Platt very sympathetically and very charmingly. The extracts given from his letters testify to his quaint sense of humour as well as to his varied learning and the alert interest he took to the last in the life about him. The booklet is published at 2s. net by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

For much assistance with the portraits and illustrations to reviews in this number our thanks are due to Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Macmillan, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Messrs. Gay & Hancock, and Messrs. Putnam's.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

July 1 to August 1, 1910.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

London Citizen's Year Book, 1910. (First year.) 300 pages. 2s. net.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

ECCOTT, W. J.—The Red Neighbour. With Illustrated Wrapper in colours. 1s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—The Quest of Eldorado. 1s. net.
BARRETT, FRANK.—Under a Strange Mask. 6d.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—A Millionaire Girl. 6d.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Sir Richard Escombe. 6d.
QUILLER COUCH, SIR A. T.—Dead Man's Rock. 1s. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

FEARENSIDE, C. S., M.A.—England Since the Revolution. 2s. 6d.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

BROCKWELL, MAURICE W., and PAUL G. KONODY.—The Louvre. Part I. 2s. 6d. net.
CHISHOLM, LOUEY (Retold by).—Simple Susan. (Grandmother's Favourites Series.) Paper, 1s. 6d. net; cloth, 2s. net.
CHISHOLM, LOUEY.—Poems for the 4, 5, and 6 Year Old. Poems for the 6, 7, and 8 Year Old. Poems for the 9, 10, and 11 Year Old. Poems for the 11 and 12 Year Old. 1s. 6d. net each.
FOLEY, EDWIN.—The Book of Decorative Furniture. Part III. 2s. 6d. net.
HIND, C. LEWIS.—Watteau. (Masterpieces in Colour Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
HUDSON, PROF. HENRY N. (Editor).—All's Well that Ends Well; Much Ado about Nothing; King John; King Richard the Second; Troilus and Cressida; Pericles, Prince of Tyre. (The Era Shakespeare.) 8d. net each.
TURNER, PERCY M.—Millet. (Masterpieces in Colour Series.) 1s. 6d. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

COMEAU, A. N.—Life and Sport on the Lower St. Lawrence. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
DRAKE, MAURICE.—The Salving of a Derelict. 1s. net.
FENN, HENRY EDWIN.—Thirty-five Years in the Divorce Courts. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
HUNEKER, JAMES.—Promenades of an Impressionist. 6s. net.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

BRADLEY, A. G.—Shakespeare's Avon. 10s. 6d. net.
CAPES, BERNARD.—Great Skene Mystery. 6d.
LEYS, WINIFRED H.—Golden Days in Many Lands. 10s. 6d. net.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Lauristons. 6s.
RIDGE, W. PETT.—Breaker of Laws. 6d.
WATSON, H. B. MARRIOTT.—Malise of Astra. 6s.
WHITE, PERCY.—The Lost Halo. 6s.
WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A. M.—Princess Virginia. 1s.

Messrs. Mills & Boon.

BARNES-GRUNDY, MABEL.—Two Men and Gwenda. 6s.
BOYD, MARY STUART.—The Glen. 6s.
CLOUSTON, J. STORER.—The Prodigal Father. 1s. net.
DART, EDITH.—Rebecca Drew. 6s.
GRAHAM, WINIFRED.—The Enemy of Woman. 6s.
KNOWLES-FOSTER, FRANCES G.—Jehanne of the Golden Lips. 6s.
NEWTE, H. W. C.—Sparrows. (Cheap Edition.) 1s. net.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Adventures of Captain Jack. 1s. net.
VORST, MARIE VAN.—The Girl from His Town. 6s.

Mr. John Murray.

DE WINDT, HARRY.—Finland As It Is. New Edition. 5s. net.
McGILLIVRAY, WILLIAM.—Life of William McGillivray (1796-1852).
RICHTER, DR. J. P.—The Mond Collection. 2 Vols. 4to, and a Portfolio of Plates.
ROSS, MAJOR RONALD, C.B.—The Prevention of Malaria. With contributions by twenty of the leading experts.
WILLMOTT, ELLEN.—The Genus Rosa. Part I. (to be published in about 20 parts). £1 1s. net per part.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

CHAPMAN, F. H.—The Trader's Guide to County Court Procedure. (Pitman's Modern Library of Practical Information.) 1s. net.
COPE, E. A.—Clerks: Their Rights and Obligations. (Pitman's Modern Library of Practical Information.) 1s. net.
HIBBERT, F. A., M.A.—The Dissolution of the Monasteries. 6s. net.
HOLLANDER, BERNARD, M.D.—Hypnotism and Suggestion. 6s. net.
HUTTON, W. H., B.A.—Becket. 3s. 6d. net.
JONES, RUSSELL L., M.A.—The Model Citizen. (Scottish Edition.) 1s. 6d.
MITCHELL, C. A.—Oil: Animal, Vegetable, Essential, and Mineral. (Common Commodities of Commerce.) 1s. 6d. net.
MONTGOMERY, L. M.—Kilmeny of the Orchard. 6s.
WRIGHT, WILMER CAVE, Ph.D.—A Short History of Greek Literature from Homer to Julian. 6s. net.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BRUCE, PHILIP ALEXANDER.—Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. 2 Vols. 25s. net.
DOCK, LAVINIA L.—Hygiene and Morality.
FERRERO, FELICE.—The Valley of Aosta. 7s. 6d. net.
HAYS, HELEN.—The Antietam and its Bridges.
HUDSON, T. J.—The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Twelfth Impression. 6s.
REID, W. MAX.—Lake George and Lake Champlain. 15s. net.
WARREN, EDWARD R., and WILLIAM L. SCLATER.—The Mammals of Colorado. 15s. net.

Messrs. Rebman, Ltd.

ABRAMS, A., M.D.—Diagnostic Theraputics. 21s. net.
BERRY, HART D.—Phases of Evolution and Heredity. 7s. 6d. net.
BRODIE-INNES, J. W.—For the Soul of a Witch. A Romance of Badenoch. 6s.
BRUCK, A., M.D.—Diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Larynx. 21s. net.
EHRLICH, LAZARUS and NAEGILI.—Anæmia: Part I., Normal and Pathological Histology of the Blood. Translated by H. W. Armit, M.R.C.S.
FEIN, DR. JOHANN.—Hints for the G.P. in Rhinology and Laryngology. Translated by Dr. B. J. Horgan. 5s. net.
HOLLANDER, DR. BERNARD.—Mental Symptoms of Brain Disease. 6s. net.
McBRIDE, C. A., M.D.—The Modern Treatment of Alcoholism and Drug Narcotism. 6s. net.
TREGARTHEN, ENYS.—House of the Sleeping Winds, and Other Stories, some based on Cornish Folklore. 5s. net.
WHITBY, C. J., M.D.—Makers of Man: A Study of Human Initiative. 6s.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

BEAN, J. W.—On the Wool Track. With 8 full-page Plates. 5s. net.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

MARCHAT, G. H., B. ès L.—Morceaux Choisis de Littérature Française. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes.

BESSO.—Cotton Spinning in Switzerland. 1s. 6d. net.
BROXAP, ERNEST, M.A.—The Great Civil War in Lancashire (1642-51). 7s. 6d. net.
HEWITT, C. GORDON, D.Sc.—The House Fly. A Study of its Structure, Development, Bionomics, and Economy. 20s. net.
WILKINSON, H. B.—Old Hanging Ditch, Its Trades, its Traders, and its Renaissance. 5s. net.

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

FLETCHER, R. A.—Steamships and Their Story. 150 Illustrations. 16s. net.
HOARE, THOMAS W.—How to Teach Nature Study. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net.
MEYRICK, DIANA.—Peace Alley. 6s.
MURRAY, ROSALIND.—The Leading Note. 3s. 6d.
RAVENHILL, ALICE.—Household Foes. With 60 Illustrations. 2s. 6d.
STEPHENS, KATE (Editor).—Stories from the Old Chronicles. 1s. 6d.

Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co.

Langham Booklets. Velvet Calf, 1s. net.

ARNOLD, MATTHEW.—Poems.
BROWNING, R.—Christmas Eve.
DICKENS.—Chimes.
GRAY, T.—Elegy and Other Poems.
KEATS, JOHN.—Odes.
MALORY, SIR T.—Story of Elayne.
NEWMAN, CARDINAL.—Dream of Gerontius.
PALGRAVE.—Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.
PASCAL, BLAISE.—Thoughts.
PROCTER, ADELAIDE A.—Poems.
ROSSETTI, D. G.—Hand and Soul.
SENECA.—Selections from.
SHAKESPEARE.—Merchant of Venice.
SHAKESPEARE.—Songs.
TENNYSON.—Enoch Arden.
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—Poems of Love.
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—Poems of Reflection.
WORDSWORTH.—Selections.
Abelard and Heloise.
Wealth of Friendship.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

TALLENTYRE, S. G.—Early Victorian. 6s.

Mr. A. H. Stockwell.

BARRACLOUGH, REV. A.—The Owner of Gethsemane, and Other Sermons. 2s. net.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

FOORD, ALFRED S.—Springs, Streams and Spas of London: History and Associations. 10s. 6d. net.
HEATH, SIDNEY.—The South Devon and Dorset Coast. 6s. net.
HILL, JANET MACKENZIE.—Cooking for Two. 6s. net.
INGRAM, J. H.—The True Chatterton. A New Study from Original Documents. 10s. 6d. net.
LOISY, ALFRED.—The Religion of Israel. 5s. net.
MATHEW, JOHN.—Two Representative Tribes of Queensland. 5s. net.
RAWLENCE, GUY.—The Romantic Road. 6s.
SALMON, ARTHUR L.—The Cornwall Coast. 6s. net.
SHAW, RAFAEL.—Spain from Within. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

FORMAN, JUSTUS MILES.—The Soul of Gold. 6d.
HUME FERGUS.—The Spider. 6s.
MEADE, L. T.—Micah Faraday, Adventurer. 6s.
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Missioner. 1s. net.
QUEUX, WILLIAM LE.—In White Raiment. 1s. net.
QUEUX, WILLIAM LE.—Sins of the City. 6d.
ROWLANDS, EFFIE ADELAIDE.—A Dangerous Woman. 6s.
THORNE, GUY.—The Socialist. 6d.
TRACY, LOUIS.—The Stowaway. 6s.

THE READER.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

By Ashley Gibson.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, who in private life is Mrs. George Christopher Riggs, has been accused of being a sentimental writer. Another charge that has been levelled at her is that she is a "best-seller." Any writer who has sold two million copies of his or her books must, it has been ingenuously argued, be a thoroughly bad artist. As regards this second imputation, it is an easy one to answer, or at least to combat. The qualities which ensure the wide circulation of any book are not necessarily those that prevent it from being real literature; on the other hand, it by no means follows that a book which does not win popularity is too good to succeed. And she suggests, very appositely, that writers who declare that they would esteem large sales of their own works as disgraceful and altogether to be avoided are cheering themselves with a wine pressed from very acid grapes. As for being sentimental—well! so was Juliana Ewing, whose books gave me too much pleasure years ago for me to begin a critical attack on their author at this hour. And Mrs. Wiggin's sentimentality, if you call it so, has the same simple, sweet, wholesome quality. "We are willing to let ourselves be moved," writes another critic, "because the pathos she paints is so true." One can hardly doubt that the curious quality of this simplicity is due in a considerable sense to Mrs. Wiggin's early association with kindergarten work and teaching. It would be easy, and perhaps natural, for a writer who has had such a training to indulge rather unduly in the nursery strain; but Mrs. Wiggin is too much of a literary artist and has too keen a sense of humour for her work to have suffered from any such cause; on the contrary, it has gained much from it, since her early experiences as a teacher undoubtedly helped to give her her wonderfully intimate understanding of the child-mind and the child-heart.

Three classes of books stand to Mrs. Wiggin's credit. Novels are not included among these. Indeed, she distinctly disclaims the suggestion that she is a novelist. "Timothy's Quest" was her first success on this side, an unpretentious tale with a child hero which found an immediate public. For some years after this Mrs. Wiggin confined herself to stories with a different background. "Penelope's Experiences" in England, Scotland, and Ireland were fresh and original observations of life as she found it in the British Isles. They gained a large audience; indeed, they set the fashion for books of travel made human by the introduction of a story. Then came "The Diary of a Goose Girl" and "A Cathedral Courtship," in the same genial vein, but after the publication of these volumes Mrs. Wiggin returned to her original New England background. "The Old Peabody Pew," "Rose o' the River," and "Susanna and Sue" (now published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in attractive shilling editions) came out one after another, while "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "The New Chronicles of Rebecca" showed that she had not lost interest in the large circle of her child-readers.

Photo by Messrs. Thomson.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs).
A new portrait.

The author of "Rebecca" was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1857. Her father was a lawyer, a graduate of Brown University and of Harvard Law School, and he died in her infancy. Her people removed from Philadelphia when she was a young child and went to live in New England, where she remained until she was nearly seventeen. "All the years that count most," she calls this period. "We learn much afterwards, and most of our originality is lost in the educational process—we love, marry, accomplish a little or a great deal, and die. But the first seventeen years, in the stocking of one's memory and development of one's imagination, in the growing of all those long roots out of which spring real life, these do far more than all the rest." Of this period her younger sister and literary collaborator, Miss Nora Archibald Smith, has written:

House where Kate Douglas Wiggin passed her Childhood.

"My sister was certainly a capable little person at a tender age, concocting delectable milk-toast, browning toothsome buckwheats, and generally making a very good Parent's Assistant. I have also visions of her toiling at patchwork and oversewing sheets like a nice old-fashioned little girl in a story-book.

"Further to illustrate her personality, I think no one much in her company at any age could have failed to note an exceedingly lively tongue and a general air of executive ability.

"If I am to be truthful, I must say that I recall few indications of budding authorship, save an engrossing diary (kept for six months only) and a devotion to reading.

"Her 'literary passions' were 'The Arabian Nights,' 'Scottish Chiefs,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' Irving's 'Mohamet,' Thackeray's 'Snobs,' 'Undine,' and 'The Martyrs of Spain.' These volumes, joined to an old green Shakespeare and a plum-pudding edition of Dickens, were the chief of her diet.

"There is a myth in the household (probably invented by my mother) that my sister learned her letters from the signs on the street, and taught herself to read when scarcely out of long-clothes. This may be cited as a bit of 'corroborative detail,' though personally I don't believe it."

Mrs. Wiggin's education was acquired mostly at home, though there was certainly one summer in the little district school of a country village, and this may have helped in her picture of the school-days of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." There were a few months also at a New England seminary for young ladies much in repute. Perhaps she paid her respects to this establishment as well in her account of Rebecca's days at Wareham. For the rest, her childhood was that of any healthy, normal, busy little country girl, save that she was an omnivorous reader. She wrote, in an interview published a dozen years ago, some amusing reminiscences of her childhood, which she says were distinguished by an entire absence of literary talent or inclination. "Would-be biographers have often visited the village since," she confesses, "and instead of the valuable and suggestive material they had hoped to gain they simply heard that I was a 'nice little girl'! I am glad of that," she declares; "for if it chastens one's pride as an author it gives one a comfortable feeling of being a pleasant and agreeable woman, and that counts for something."

About this time the family left New England for Southern California on account of the delicate health of her stepfather. She was left at a famous school for girls—Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass. In a year she followed her family to the West, and the next portion of her life was spent in Santa Barbara. On the sudden death of her stepfather, and the sinking of the family fortunes in one of the many land speculations in Southern California history, some difficult and trying days came to her. It was at this time she wrote a story in three parts called "Half a Dozen Housekeepers," which was published in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and for which she received £30. "I take great credit to myself," she

The Summer Home of Kate Douglas Wiggin: Quillcote, Hollis, Maine, U.S.A.

Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh. **Kate Douglas Wiggin.**

(By courtesy of Messrs. Gay & Hancock.)

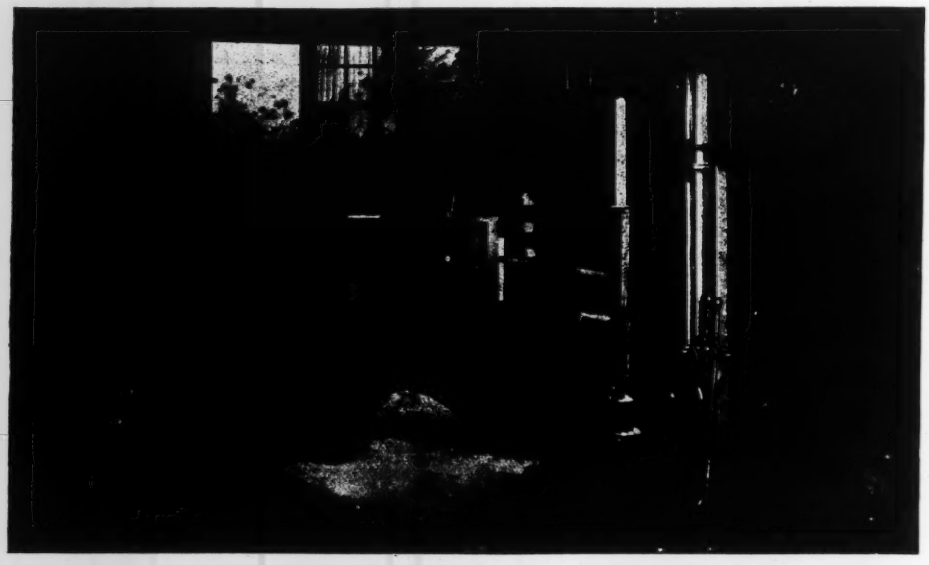
says somewhere, "that I was sensible enough to see that I had not then either the equipment or the experience for a literary career. I determined to learn one thing well, and use it as a livelihood, before embarking on any perilous seas of literary adventure. Circumstances, or perhaps my love of children, led me into the study of the kindergarten theory of education." It was not long before she found herself and what she was best fitted for, in this delightful study. In all those days of poverty, she was never very much disturbed or downhearted, so far as she can remember. She had not the least idea that it would last, nor did she intend that it should last; consequently, it didn't. But a great love of life, of active work, of interest in people and things, of desire to achieve something, these, with a sense of humour, bridged over the years of trial.

At the expiration of her term of study, filled with the desire to use her new-found knowledge for the benefit of those who most needed it, she went to San Francisco and organised the first free kindergarten in California, the first, indeed, west of the Rocky Mountains. Into it were gathered children from the poorer quarters of the city, and it became before long a famous institution, much visited and much written about. The work grew and prospered, and before long Mrs. Wiggin was induced to undertake the training of other teachers. It was not many years before these kindergartens for children of the poorer classes, taught by her pupils, were dotting the western coast from Arizona to Oregon—an astonishing record for one who even then was only twenty-five. It was at this time that she married Samuel Bradley Wiggin. She began to find her work was so intense, so wearying, such a strain upon soul and body, that she would not be equal to it for many years, and it was when she became certain of this that she sent her first story to a publisher. She had written "The Birds' Christmas Carol" in the early years of her kindergarten work, and the little paper-covered pamphlet had been sold to increase the funds of her favourite charity. This pamphlet she now sent to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in Boston. It had been printed, but never published in the usual sense of the word, as it had only been sold privately here and there. The story—which made a little two-shilling book—was accepted. "And then," Mrs. Wiggin says, "the thrilling part of my career was over, for there were no misadventures and no difficulties—nothing but appreciation a thousandfold warmer than I could possibly have deserved. It is almost a pity that I had to give up teaching, for, although I hope I have a little gift in story-telling, it does not compare with the other, which I know, in all modesty, was a real talent. How I loved it, how I gloried in it no words of mine can tell. In those few years, in which most of my time was spent with ragged little babies three to six years old—babies of all nationalities, and their still more extraordinary parents—I learned more of human nature than in all the rest of my life put together. Little did I realise that I was gathering first-hand knowledge that would be useful to me in quite another profession. I only knew that I was supremely happy and very useful."

Her chief strength has always lain in her contact with individuals—mostly children and young people, whom she knows best and loves best. She is not, she declares, a reflective person—action always draws the best from her, and her sympathy is most stirred by actual contact with life; but surely this presupposes that quality of reflection which she disclaims. Certainly, and before all, her books come from the heart; if they came from the head only, they could not be alive, as they are, nor touch our emotions as they do; the delicate art of such work as hers is not of the heart alone nor of the intellect alone, but of the two working in unison.

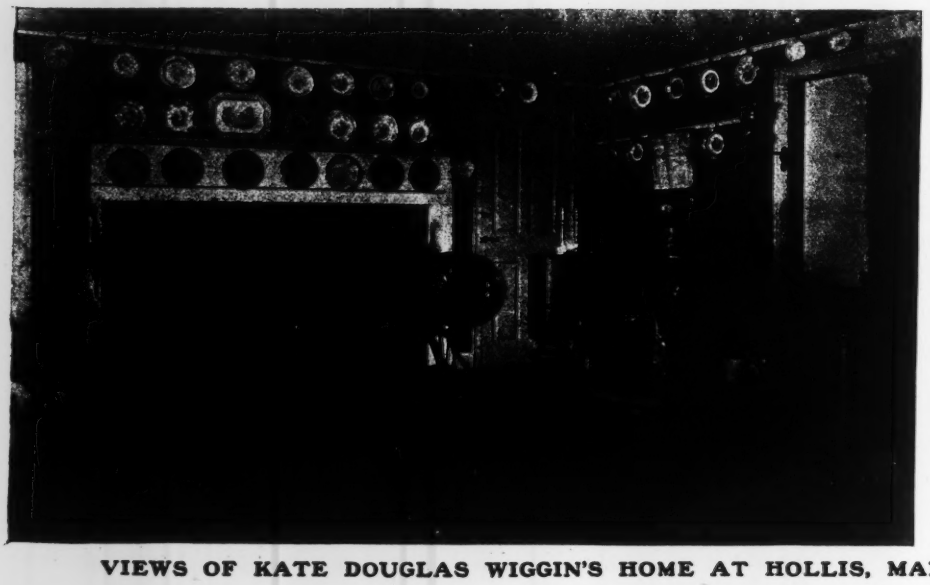
Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Kate Douglas Wiggin.**

(Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.)



Kate Douglas Wiggin's Study at Quillcote.

Quillcote Barn re-modelled for Village Dances.

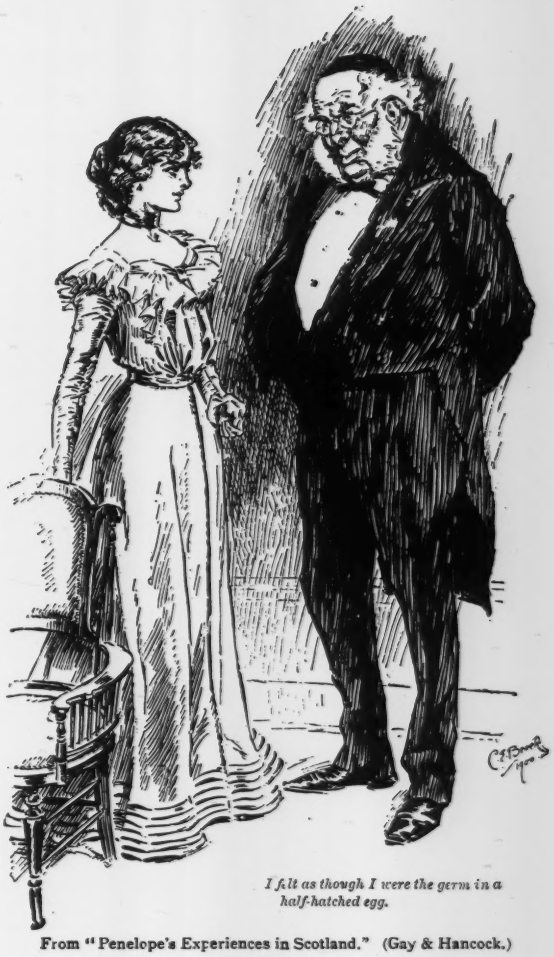


Old-fashioned Sitting-room at Quillcote.

VIEWS OF KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S HOME AT HOLLIS, MAINE, U.S.A.

"It would sadly be a substitute for gooseberry-tart, miss;"

From "A Cathedral Courtship." (Gay & Hancock.)



I felt as though I were the germ in a half-hatched egg.

From "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland." (Gay & Hancock.)

'There were thirteen men in line behind me.'

From "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland." (Gay & Hancock.)

"We rang it after him

From "Penelope's Irish Experiences." (Gay & Hancock.)

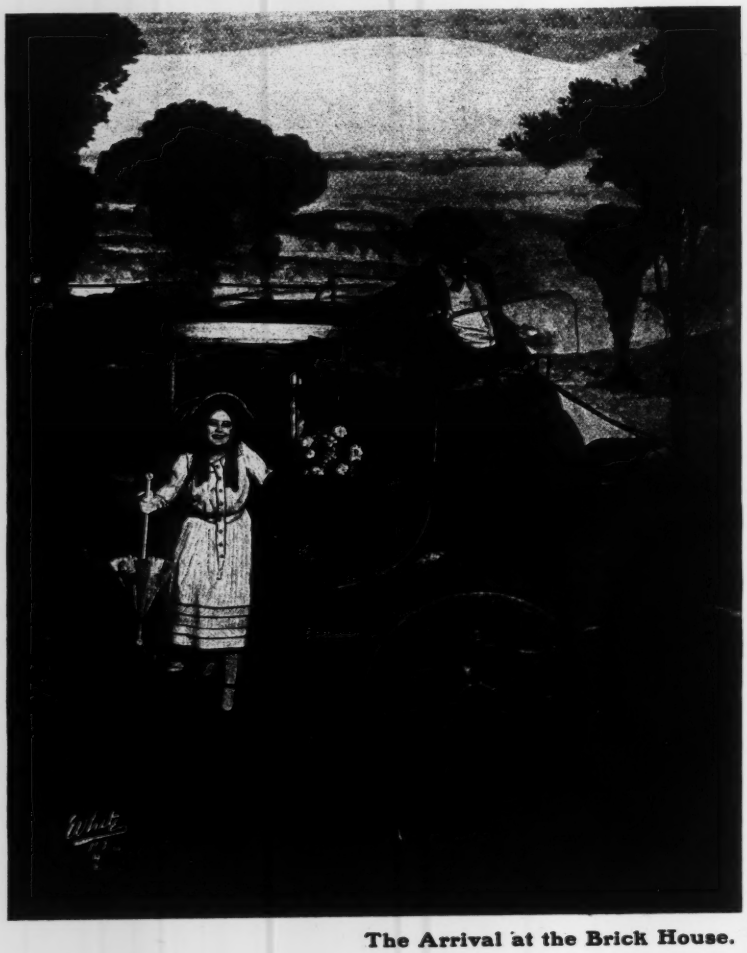
SOME ILLUSTRATIONS FROM KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S WORKS.

In conversation and in writing Mrs. Wiggin always goes back to her years of experience—of actual experience with children. Always she pays her tribute to the part they played in her development; always she insists that her five or ten years of adversity were worth her thirty-five years of prosperity. Why she has been confining herself to the writing of stories of New England life for the last few years, deserting foreign paths, she scarcely knows. When she first came over from America everything here was new, fresh, and dazzling to her imagination. It was impossible for her to keep from setting down her experiences and emotions in some form or other. She did not labour under the delusion that she was giving the world anything profound, anything sensational or extraordinary. Several wise and witty things had been said about England, Scotland, and Ireland before "Penelope" dipped her pen in ink. Her creator simply wrote her imaginary experiences in the British Isles without any formality or affectation, as she says, feeling that the liveliness of her first impressions might have something to recommend them, although she had no idea they would prove so popular.

"The Diary of a Goose Girl" and "A Cathedral Courtship" were written much in the same way. But nowadays Mrs. Wiggin thinks she has become too hopelessly cosmopolitan; she is as much at home in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin as she is in New York. She doubts whether her greater familiarity with British institutions has given her more material for literary studies. "The more familiarity I have with a subject," she declares, "the less I desire to write about it. Exact knowledge hampers one's imagination sometimes."

Mrs. Wiggin's next book is going to be "something about girls, and something for girls." It is three or four years since she wrote "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "The New Chronicles of Rebecca," and she "misses the child," as she puts it. "I fancy I know how a mother feels when her daughters are all grown up and married," she told me once. "There is a lonely little spot in her mind and heart where the children used to play."

Of Rebecca one regrets to learn that we shall read nothing fresh; her author's farewell to that delightful little woman is said in the play which has been running so successfully during the winter in Boston and other New England cities. "Rebecca" is Mrs. Wiggin's first attempt at dramatisation, and she has found it an altogether fascinating experience. The success of the play might have made her inordinately conceited, she thinks, had not the chastening of the stage director proved a constant source of spiritual strength; a continual renewing of native modesty. "The trouble with most of you authors is," he would say, "that you are entirely opaque to dramatic considerations." "And the trouble with most of you theatrical people is," Mrs. Wiggin would retort, "that you are entirely opaque to what is simple and human and convincing!"

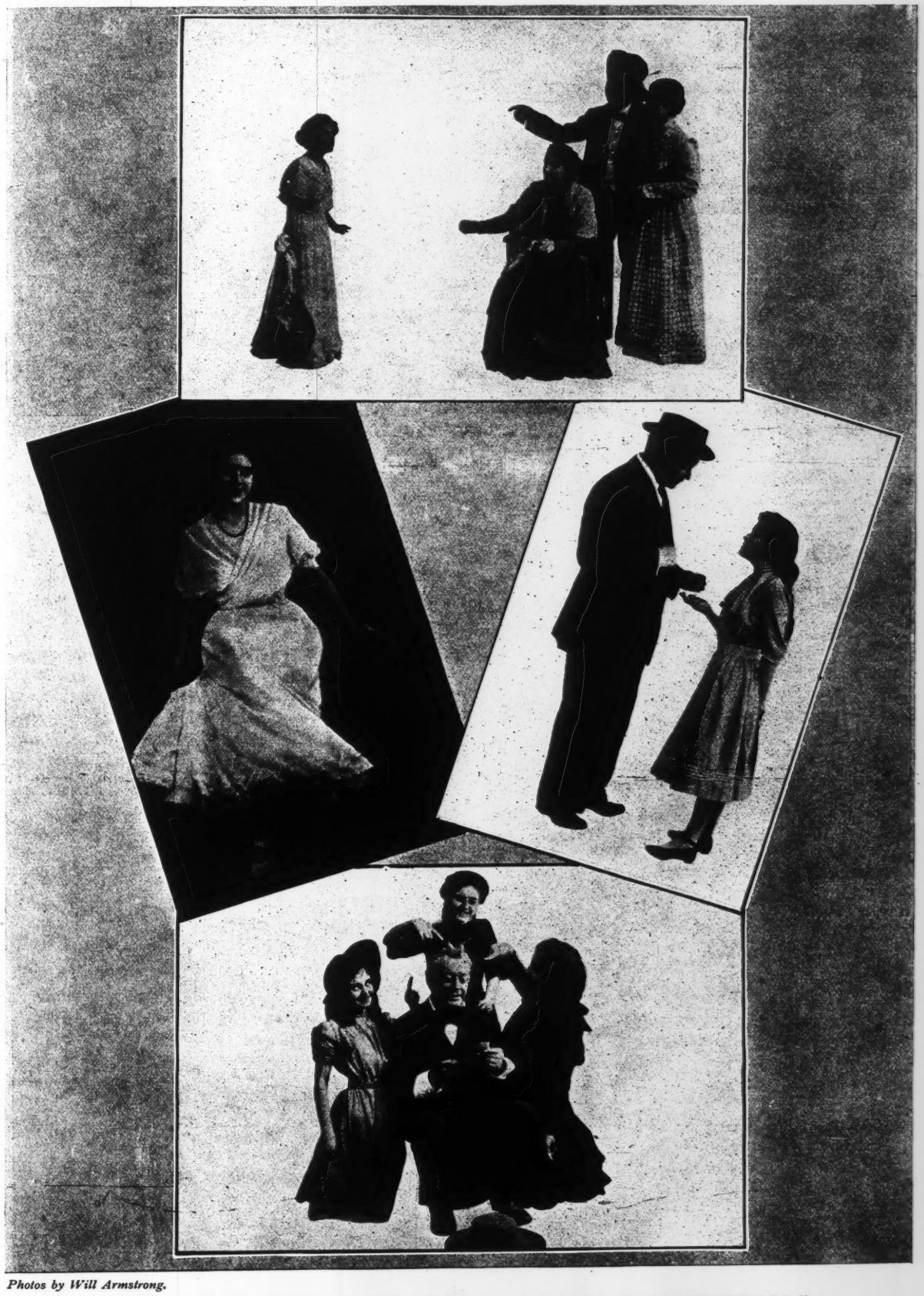


The Arrival at the Brick House.

Scene from the dramatised version of "Rebecca." Miss Edith Taliaferro as Rebecca.

In spite of which and other such frank exchanges of personal opinion, the stage director is still her very good friend and she his. "I have learned a great deal from him," she admits, "and I only wish he had learned half as much from me, but I dare say he never looked upon me as an instructor." Some one once asked Mrs. Wiggin whether she preferred playwriting to the writing of books. She answered that she preferred anything she happened to be doing. She loves the world, the flesh, and the spirit. She adores work, and she loves play. It is the passive virtues, she thinks, that she will never be able to cultivate.

Mrs. Wiggin is now the Vice-President of the New York Kindergarten Association, and keeps up her interest in the education of New York children,



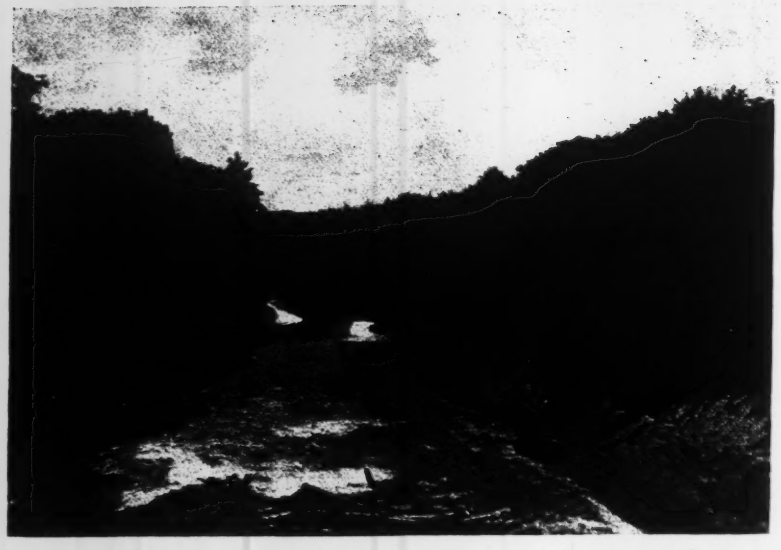
Photos by Will Armstrong.

FOUR SCENES FROM KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S PLAY, "REBECCA."

I. Rebecca just home from school.
II. Rebecca at seventeen.
III. Adam Ludd and Rebecca.
IV. The old Coach Driver, Rebecca, and two of her Playmates.

(The part of Rebecca is taken by Miss Edith Taliaferro.)

Looking out from the end of the Quillcote Barn.



The River Saco, near the home of Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Falls of the Saco, just below Quillcote.

VIEWS OF QUILLCOTE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Kate Douglas Wiggin.**
(Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.)

particularly those of the street and tenement house.

In 1906 Bowdoin University, where Longfellow and Hawthorne both spent their college days, bestowed upon her the honorary degree of Litt.D. Only one other woman has been honoured with the Litt.D. of Bowdoin. She too was an author, the late Sarah Orne Jewett.

Several of her books, notably "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," "A Cathedral Courtship," "Polly Oliver," and "Rebecca," have been translated into five or six languages, French, German, Danish, Swedish, and Japanese, while two have been printed in raised type for the blind.

She and her husband, Mr. George Riggs, spend their winters in New York, a few months in the spring in England and Scotland, and the late summers at their country place in New England, where most of her literary work is done.

I once asked Mrs. Wiggin how the best English authors fare in America as regards their sales and popularity. "Well," she replied, "you have five, at least, whom any nation would be proud of, and whom none of our best men can hope to rival, and they, I think, have a good deal larger public on the other side than they have even here. I am talking now of Wells, Galsworthy, De Morgan, Hewlett, and Barrie." I think we both forgot Kipling, though there is no doubt that his popularity over the water is enormous. And Mrs. Wiggin has the kindest things to say of her own British public. Among the small group of women writers of New England she reigns supreme on this side. Her only serious rival is Mrs. Mary Wilkins, who enjoyed a great English vogue some few years back; but no work by Mrs. Wilkins, conscientious artist as she is, could ever have the universal appeal of "Rebecca." For Mrs. Wiggin is an optimist, and Mrs. Wilkins is—well, not an optimist. And Mrs. Wiggin really does see life as she paints it. Moreover, she has the divine gift of humour, which is always the basis of the best kind of optimism. It was the *Spectator* that called the author of the "Penelope" books "one of the most successful ambassadors between America and Great Britain."

Mrs. Wiggin has her own views about the art of writing. She puts sincerity first, and next to that enthusiasm, by which she means a genuine love for the work one happens to be doing. Her own themes, she modestly affirms, are usually so slight that they can hardly be discerned with the naked eye, but they are always big enough for her to love. She has no gospel, whether of optimism or anything else. She merely chronicles what pleases and interests her; if she adds a little to the sum of human happiness, so much the better, but the story and the characters are the things with her. She wrote "The Story of Patsy" with a purpose, but the purpose lay outside the story; it was a means to an end. Her aim was a direct and practical one—that of raising money for her little waifs in San Francisco. She would as readily have organised a charitable bazaar, she

Kate Douglas Wiggin in her robes as Litt.D. of Bowdoin University.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

thinks, if that had been possible. If she had failed, she would probably have continued her work for the children of the poor. But she succeeded.

Writing with Mrs. Wiggin means conscientious, unsparing work. Until the last moment she keeps on correcting, changing, and improving, till indeed the irrevocably last proofs reach her from the publishers. She remodelled the "Penelopes" almost entirely while they were appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and "Rebecca" was re-written two or three times. She does not intend to make the fatal mistake of over-production. A slender stream of inspiration must be kept clear, she thinks. "Balzac was a great genius, and proportionately fruitful," she has written; "I myself must limit my output."

Photo by Aimé Dupont, New York, 1909.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Gay & Hancock.)

In the new era of peace-making upon which the world has entered, a kindly humour will be one of the most essential lubricators of the machinery of peace-keeping, according to an American critic; and there can be no possible doubt that Mrs. Wiggin's writings have contributed very considerably towards this end where England and America are in consideration. The tale of Penelope's experiences in England, Scotland, and Ireland are particularly in my mind, with their delightful if audacious hits at those of our national characteristics and peculiarities which appeal to the foreigner as being ludicrous.

Yet where Mrs. Wiggin excels, where she has done her best work, is in her portraits of children. We have seen that she is passionately interested in them, and her real sympathy with and understanding of them is obvious. Her children never talk like grown-ups, and yet how real they are, acting, as it has been well said, without a suspicion that they are being watched or criticised. They make a delightful gallery; Rebecca, Carol Bird, Patsy, Timothy Jessup and Lady Gay, the Ruggleses, Abijah, Marm Lisa, Polly Oliver, and the splendidly named twins Atlantic and Pacific Simonson.

Always there is humour in her stories, but I think the real cause of her almost extraordinary popularity is due to a fact we have already mentioned. Her work is even more from the heart than from the head. The men and women of her stories, the quaintest and ruggedest of them, are divinely human, and "always, in every guise, and through every disfigurement of poverty or pain or ignorance, she sees the angel in the child."

GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

By William E. A. Axon.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S reputation was gained as historian and publicist, but he had also a gift for translation, and was an expert versifier. In 1849 Dr. Henry Wellesley, who was then Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford, secured the help of a number of good scholars for a volume designed to promote the taste for Latin verse. With this view selections were made from the Greek Anthology, and versions, new and old, in Latin, French, Italian, German, and English, were appended. This enterprise received the support of Goldwin Smith, who supplied more than a hundred excellent renderings, some in Latin and some in English. Here is his version of a famous Platonic epigram addressed to a lady:

"Dost scan the stars? O would I were those skies,
To gaze upon thee with their myriad eyes."

Another pleasant love fancy is that of Paulus Silentiarius:

"Fear no more Love's shafts, for he
Hath all his quiver spent on me.
Fear not his wings; since on this breast
His scornful foot the victor prest,
Here sits he fast, and here must stay,
For he hath shorn his wings away."

The wise saying of Simonides he gives thus in Latin:

"Facta viri solo poterunt bene tempore nosci,
Tempus enim solum pandere corda potest,"

and thus in English:

"Time is of every act the surest test;
For time lays bare the secrets of the breast."

There is a well-known epigram which gives a gloomy view of life's possibilities:

Photo by Thomson. **Kate Douglas Wiggin.**

(By courtesy of Messrs. Gay & Hancock.)

"Young I was poor; when old I wealthy grew;
Unblest alas! in want and plenty too!
When I could all enjoy Fate nothing gave;
Now I can nought enjoy, I all things have."

The epitaph on Epictetus is notable:

"A slave was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,
And a cripple and a beggar, and the favourite of the skies."

As a final sample Goldwin Smith's paraphrase of the verses of Antipater may be cited:

"Where, Corinth, are thy glories now,
Thy ancient wealth, thy castled brow,
Thy solemn fanes, thy halls of state,
Thy high-born dames, thy crowded gate?
There's not a ruin left to tell,
Where Corinth stood, how Corinth fell.
The Nereids of thy double sea
Alone remain to wail for thee."

No doubt Goldwin Smith was well advised to devote himself to the graver fields of study. But although his verses can only be regarded as the amusement of a scholar, they show that he had something of the minstrel's gift. And these verses are an echo of sixty years ago, when the voice of Goldwin Smith was that of the young man rejoicing in the triumphs of his brilliant scholarship.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best parody on Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be?" applicable to the literary life and taking as its question "To write or not to write?"

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to W. A. SMITH, M.B., 70, Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

A MARRIAGE UNDER THE TERROR. BY PATRICIA WENTWORTH. (Melrose.)

"When Susan came to live with *me*,
Her mother came to live with *her*!"
THOMAS HOOD, *The Bachelor's Dream.*

We select also for printing:

THE HUMOUR OF MARK TWAIN. BY BARRY PAIN.

"Our sincerest laughter
With some *Pain* is fraught."—SHELLEY.

(Arthur Davidson, The National Bank of Scotland, Ltd., Glasgow.)

ON FADS. BY LADY GROVE. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Edgar Caton, 46, Ainslie Street, Barrow-in-Furness.)

Phoebe and Gladwish.

From "The Diary of a Goose Girl." (Gay & Hancock.)

BLACK SHEEP. By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT. (T. Werner Laurie.)

"True Patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good,
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country's weal."

These lines are from the prologue of a piece that was played at the opening of the Sydney (N.S.W.) play-house in 1796, and were by a convict whose real name was Waldron, but who wrote under the name of G. Barrington.

(Edwin Hall, High Street, Auckland, New Zealand.)

THE DEVOURERS. By A. V. CHARTRES. (Heinemann.)

"'Oh, Oysters,' said the Carpenter,
'We've had a pleasant run;
Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none:
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice Through the Looking-Glass.*

(H. W. Wagstaff, R.M.A., Woolwich; Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants; Dorothy Gurney, Martin Lutherstr. 68, Berlin, Germany.)

"Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
'With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.'"

W. M. THACKERAY, *Little Billee.*

(Gladys H. Wrigley, County School, Hengoed, *via* Cardiff; Lucy Meagher, Whitestake, Preston; Josephine Gregory, 3, Oak Villas, Bradford; and Alys Binney, 30, Montgomery Road, Sharrow, Sheffield.)

HYPOCRITES AND SINNERS. By VIOLET TWEEDALE. (John Long.)

"I really take it very kind
This visit, Mrs. Skinner,
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner)."

THOMAS HOOD, *Domestic Asides.*

(Miss Cleaverley, 13, Ermine Road, Chester.)

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Frank Palmer.)

"I care not much for gold or land—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that fortune send
A little more than I shall spend."

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

(Miss J. R. Allatt, The Manse, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.)

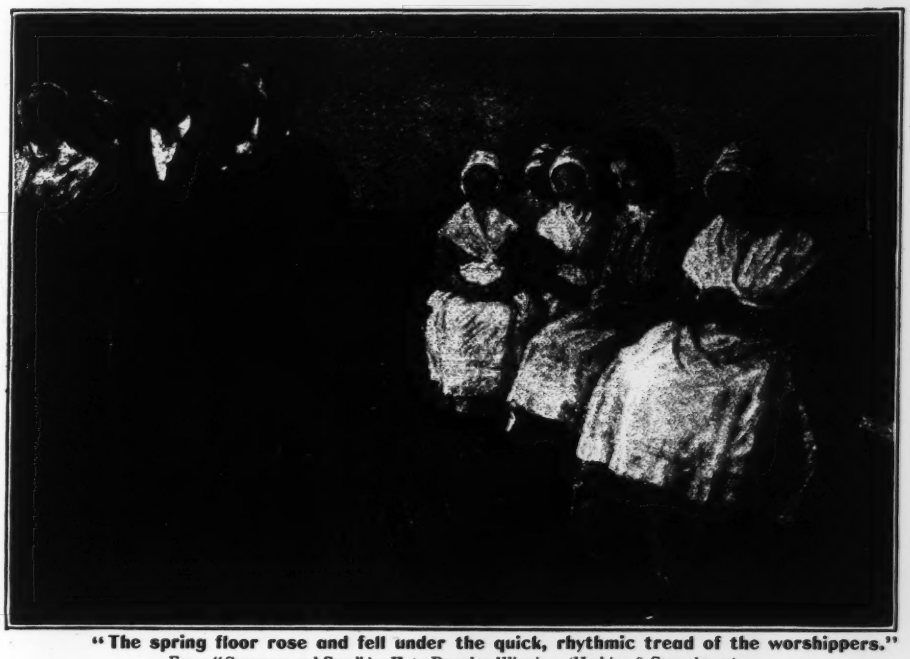
II.—The authors of the twelve quotations given last month in this Competition are:

1. Matthew Arnold (*Empedocles on Etna*).
2. Rossetti (*Last Confession*)
3. Clough (*Dipsychus*).
4. Tennyson (*Columbus*).
5. William Morris (*Earthly Paradise*)
6. Cowley (*The Distance*).
7. George Herbert (*The Church Porch*).
8. Young (*Night Thoughts*).
9. Spenser (*Faery Queen*).
10. Dr. Johnson (*Vanity of Human Wishes*).
11. Milton (*L'Allegro*).
12. Scott (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*).

Rose o' the River.
From "Rose o' the River," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No competitor has sent in the twelve names correctly; many have got three or four right and made random but wrong guesses at the rest. Mr. A. Compton Ellis takes the prize with nine correct answers; Miss Vivien D. Newman, of 49, Wellington Road, Edgbaston, and Mr. W. R. Clark, of 20, William Street, Crosland Moor, Huddersfield, come second with seven each; Miss Rose Isabella Whitaker, of West Cliffe, Harlington, Lancs., and Mr. C. S. Drew, of 75, Rye Hill Park, S.E., come third with six each; many have five and under, and one gives twelve names,

"Rose, I'll take you safely."
From "Rose o' the River," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



"The spring floor rose and fell under the quick, rhythmic tread of the worshippers."
From "Susanna and Sue," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

all of which are wrong except two. THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is, therefore, awarded to A. COMPTON ELLIS, B.A., of 40, West Park Road, Kew Gardens, S.W.

III.—THE PRIZE OF TEN SHILLINGS for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to J. W. SUMMERS, of 54, Kilburn Park Road, N.W., for the following:

THE DOP DOCTOR. BY RICHARD DEHAN. (Heinemann.)

Innocently accused of malpractice in his profession, Owen Saxham sinks to the lowest depths: becomes the drunken or "dop" doctor of Gueldersdorp (Mafeking); emerges from his long debauch during the siege, and rises again to the high position he once occupied. The book is over-long, and the story is knit together by strained coincidences; but the work is a masterpiece. It is dramatic, vividly descriptive, absorbing; and the characters breathe, live, think, and act. That which grips, however, is the intense feeling the author has put into his work. The reader's eyes are dimmed, not once—twice—but often.

Among the best of the large number of other reviews sent in are:

SUSANNA AND SUE. BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is always a charming simplicity about the work of this author. The commonplace plot of a wronged wife leaving her husband and then returning to "make up" is redeemed from the ordinary by the description of life among the quaint "Shakers." Sue and Jack are delightful little people, and one would like to have had a few more of their conversations from the creator of Rebecca. It would have been interesting, too, to have heard the further adventures of Hetty and Nathan, whose exploit proves that the influence of Nature outweighs that of environment.

(I. Swinscow, Faringcote, Guildford.)

GANGAI'S PILGRIMAGE AND OTHER STORIES. BY A. C. CLAYTON. (R. Culley.)

These charming stories written by a missionary who is an artist in words should arouse fresh interest in our great dependency. They will do much to reveal the every-day life of South India. In "Gangai's Pilgrimage," a story in thirteen chapters, light and shade are finely blended. Ignorance and superstition are seen rampant, but the power of Christ is made manifest. "The Durei's Spectacles" is delightful, and in it the village Hindu is sketched to the life. Excellent illustrations add to the value of the book.

(Rev. R. H. Wray, 17, Stoke Terrace, Devonport.)

We specially commend also the reviews received from Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Joan Harvey Hall (Aboynt), J. L. Hope (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. Tregenza (Wallington), Chas. R. Green (Liverpool), Gertrude Prinn (Shrewsbury), Miss E. O. Browne (Worcester), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), A. W. Westmore (Liscard), Miss E. Bullock (Congleton), M. F. Lusty (Ryde, I. of W.), Miss L. G. Smyth (Hampstead, N.W.), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), J. B. Foulkes (Worcester), V. B. Metta (Winston), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Jas. A. Richards (Tenby), Christabel Dutton (Ramsgate), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), E. M. White (Brighton), Miss C. Kerr (Kirkcaldy), Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), John W. Lethaby (Rotherfield), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Richard O'Neill (Ipswich), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), and Frank Albert (Leytonstone).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss BEATRIX TERRY, 374, Brixton Road, S.W.

Photo by Messrs. Thomson. **Kate Douglas Wiggin, in 1910.**

THE FINE ART OF LETTERS HUMANE.

By Dr. William Barry.

"LITTERÆ Humaniores," the old significant title which we have exchanged for one more vague—for "culture" or *Bildung*, as Goethe christened it—will be indebted to every man who, like Mr. Hudson,* goes out into the highway and teaches the multitude how to read. These lectures were delivered to attentive audiences at West Ham and Woolwich, names not so classic as the Athenian Porch or Academy, but counting for much in our struggling times. "Great is the struggle, since the work is divine;" to move upward from a confused crowd of blindly striving individualities into an ordered life, where each is a person sovereign over himself and all are in the noblest sense human. Our democracies, Education Boards, seats of learning old and new, our very journalism and railway literature, profess to be doing this godlike task. But the struggle is great, even desperately so. To the mere demagogue culture is suspect; journalism finds money in American headlines and has almost forgotten its Bible; Education Boards too commonly know little about education; and science itself has often by the lips of its professors pooh-poohed literature as the superstition of Oxford dons, of decadents and wretched survivals from the age before Darwin.

People read more than ever; but the question is, What do they read? And if it be answered that they read "Everyman's Library," then we ask, How do they read it? With insight and discernment? Actively bending their minds to seize and assimilate the best thoughts of the best authors? Or, in Mr. Hudson's keen epigram, as much as possible that they may forget it as soon as possible? Writing is a fine art to which reading should correspond not otherwise than in music execution should answer to composition. How many will attempt this, or believe in it? Yet unless it be done, books, though inspired, remain a dead letter. The struggle is always great, for ignorance and laziness are pleasant to the average man. Never, since printing was, did the press fling broadcast such millions of worthless or mischievous pages as now in comparison with sound, with true literature. As a fine art where do Humane Letters stand? Often they seem to me a gradually diminishing circle of light amid invading gloom. The reading of our populations bred in schools is mostly inane, no small part of it dangerous to humanity, some of it criminal. I take it to be a cheering sign, therefore, when not only teachers (who must win certificates), but "that beast the general reader," show any willingness to learn what culture really is from accomplished "Extension" Lecturers armed with knowledge, judgment, and a persuasive style.

A compact, comprehensive volume, undoubtedly, distilled from sources native and foreign. I was at once struck on looking into it with Mr. Hudson's references to French and German authors, as well as to the highest Latin and Greek, whom no new learning can throw completely into the shade. Some eighty pages are given to the ways of studying books; the remaining three hundred and fifty discuss and illustrate the nature of poetry, prose fiction, the drama, and criticism. All this well planned, sufficiently spaced; in a manner which combines aptly enough the master's decisive tone with a characteristic (and surely not unwise) English habit of give and take on certain debatable matters. An art is not a science; Letters appeal to other principles than those of number, weight, and measure. To handle them rightly we must understand that they express the realities of things in and through a personal medium; so that if temperament be the secret of genius, mechanism cannot supply its interpretation. With much acumen Mr. Hudson distinguishes the elements in Taine's celebrated reduction of literary power to the soil and atmosphere of its origin. He is at one with Carlyle as with Newman in fixing on the mysterious yet undeniable thing which we call "personality" as the essential cause

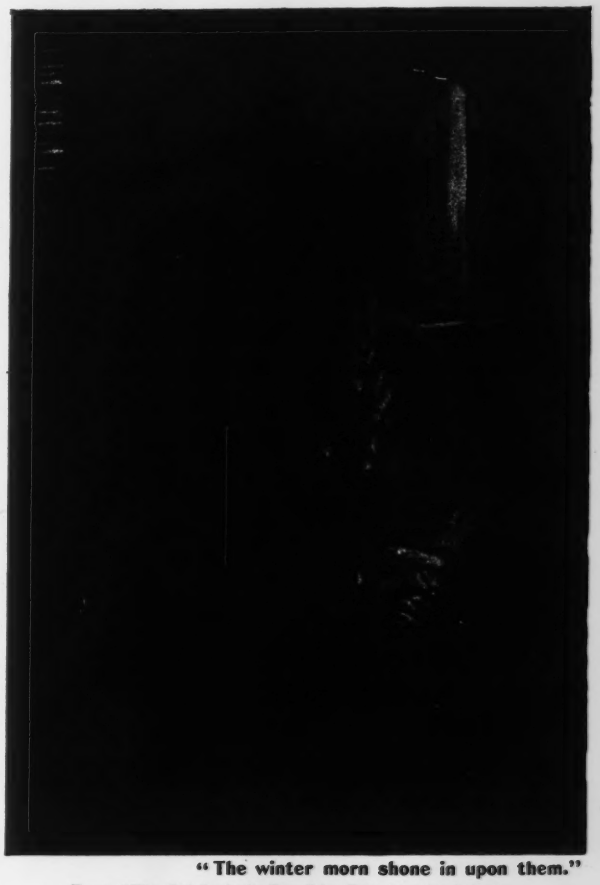
"They were sewing in the church—the last stitches were being taken."
From "The Old Peabody Pew," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

* "An Introduction to the Study of Literature." By William Henry Hudson. 5s. (Harrap & Co.)

of literature ; as enabling us to view life and the universe in aspects that science cannot even guess at. In simplest phrase, " Art depends on the existence of the artist." He rejects utterly the notion of anæsthetics which is merely physics once removed. And, while he discovers the roots of all great poetry in experience, he allows to it some transcendent magic whereby it comes to a revelation of that which passes show. At least I construe his admirable observations touching the relation between life and letters, between letters and the spirit of their creator, by this philosophy. Accepting Arnold's definition that " Literature is a criticism of life," he raises the significance and the scope of such a " criticism " till the eternal beauty glances out upon our work-a-day world, judging and at the same moment transfiguring its commonness.

Therefore he will not give in to the recluse of the ivory tower who murmurs " Art for art alone " ; nor to the truculent realist who, when he has photographed a hospital and disinterred some obscene idol from its grave, exclaims triumphantly, " All the rest is literature." Precisely in that remnant, " which never was but ever ought to be," the tragic grandeur, the pathos, and the inspiration of this finest of arts lies hidden. I am not copying words of the lecturer, but I trust that his thought may in these of mine be shadowed forth. He might have taken wings now and again when the heavens opened above him ; at all events, he does not narrow the horizon to a prison-wall, or empty out the meaning of romance and drama by insisting that they must be either " slices of reality " or delusive dreams. In brief, he writes of poets as a poet. " The events of the world," said Schopenhauer, " have significance only so far as they are the letters out of which we may read the Idea of man." Here is the justification of poetry in all its forms, lyric, epic, dramatic, satirical ; its truth is real because it is ideal ; the incidents, plots, personages, dialogues through which it reveals man to himself are means, not ends ; but in proportion as they express the Idea faithfully they endure. This indwelling purpose gives to all art whatsoever a moral content, or implies a moral standard, even when the artist degrades his faculties to things base and unclean. It is a law which we could escape only by ceasing to be men.

Without displaying the omnivorous erudition of a Saintsbury, or Pater's deliberate grace, the author abounds in happy sentences and suggestions which together help towards the mental discipline that he has so deeply at heart. He is a Shakespeare editor, and to the structure and spirit of the great English dramas he turns constantly for illustration. Perhaps he is better still when he comes to the novel, which it is evident that he has studied from the inside. Everywhere he is independent, but he does not break out into caprice ; he has no ill-humour, and he is eminently sane. He is too clear-eyed a critic to imagine that all other critics will agree with him. But in his excellent remarks on the valuation of literature he teaches us to discriminate between a success that means no more than hitting off the opinions of the day and the recognition that waits upon works of genius when the world's judgment, tested by time, perceives in them a correspondence with life, or a message and a meaning for mankind. " In them," he says, " even the local and the temporary is so handled, with such insight, grasp, and power that it is made to partake of the significance of the universal and permanent." These words might be the English version of Schopenhauer's dictum reported above. Go now, reader, and in the light of them contemplate the nearest railway bookstall. Then judge if Mr. Hudson's lectures are not wanted.



" The winter morn shone in upon them."
From "The Old Peabody Pew," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE CENTENARY OF MARTIN TUPPER.

[Born July, 1810—Died 1889.]

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON.

THERE are seventy references under the name of Martin Tupper in the British Museum catalogue. He wrote about forty volumes: novels, essays, verses, histories, translations, and the "Proverbial Philosophy," which alone sold in England and America to the extent of a million and a half copies, and was translated into French, German, and Danish; yet it is more than probable that there are not fifty people in England under the age of forty who have ever read through one of his works.

No one takes Tupper seriously in our time; even those elderly folk who were edified by him in their youth no longer mention the circumstance. It is the fashion to laugh at Martin Tupper; to dismiss him as the high priest of the commonplace, the grand master of platitude. This is a pity, not because it is wrong, but because it is self-righteous. Tupper was a platitudinarian; but that was the secret of his greatness. People like platitudes, they resent anything else, so it is ungenerous as well as unfair to adopt a superior attitude towards the "Proverbial Philosophy."

Martin Tupper.
(From a bust by Durham.)

I do not for a moment advocate a revival of that remarkable book, for, dearly as I love a lost cause, so lost a cause as that does not attract me. Tupper for all practical purposes is as dead as good Queen Anne. Perhaps he always was, but that is a problem in psychology which I shall not attempt to solve. But, dead as he is, he remains a problem; no man, or rather no book—for when you speak of Tupper you mean the "Proverbial Philosophy"—no book at one and the same time so abnormally dull and so abnormally popular could be other than a problem. Its extraordinary vogue throws a curious sidelight upon our racial intelligence; I say racial deliberately, because its vogue was even greater in the land of Benjamin Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt. And it must be remembered that there were no shilling reprints in those days. The "Proverbial Philosophy" was always sold at a figure which would make even a successful modern author envious. But so enamoured of the book were the readers, that they were not always content with publishers' cloth, but must needs bedizen their treasure in rich leathers garnished with arabesques of gold. Such a copy lies before me. It is the edition of 1857, the twenty-eighth, a podgy pott 8vo of nearly four hundred pages, sumptuously bound, as the booksellers' catalogues would say, in plum-coloured levant morocco, with extra gilt edges and sides, back, as well as inner edges of the cover, elaborately tooled in gold. It is also embellished with a finely engraved portrait of the author in his handsome middle age, and his signature in facsimile. The price of this volume, as a bookseller's pencilling on the smooth pale yellow end-paper records, was nine shillings. All this luxury shows that people not only bought Tupper's masterpiece, but that they revered it, and were proud to have it on the shiny pedestal tables of the drawing-room of the period, perchance even it was given a place of honour in the front window beside the family Bible; my copy lends countenance to the supposition, for it bears a striking resemblance in miniature to the portly editions of the Scriptures beloved of our parents.

Without a doubt, a great many people looked upon Tupper as something of a prophet; to them the "Proverbial Philosophy" was, in its way, a modern scripture. Indeed, it is probable that Tupper himself had leanings towards this view, as his book bears just the glimmer of a likeness to our well of purest English undefiled. Martin Farquhar Tupper dipped his bucket into that well—but his rope was too short and the bucket only skimmed the surface. But the problem of Tupper is not literary, it is not so much a problem of Tupper as a problem of his period. True he was literary and enjoyed being so; all his works are Literature (with a capital L), they are as heavily clad in literature as the Houses of Parliament are in decorative art, and the effect is much the same. His aim, however, was by no means literary; his ambition was to teach, to *improve the mind*, to quicken human affairs with the elixir of letters. But the nearer he approached practical affairs the less people liked it. When, for instance, he advocated the reform of the divorce laws as he did in the "Rides and Reveries of Mr. Æsop Smith," no one would listen. They preferred the philosopher to the reformer; they liked their Tupper in the air. His familiar proverbs long drawn out made them feel better; they were improving. It was comforting to read heroical lines dealing in an easy and non-provocative way with the great verities; for Tupper never dealt with trivial things, he loved to feel his intellect "germane to the stars" as he dealt fearlessly with life and death and immortality, and joyfully pronounced verdicts upon love and beauty. And if he told his readers

nothing but what they knew, he at least confirmed them in that knowledge, which is always agreeable. And besides this, he satisfied the love of higher knowledge by persistent references to the persons and places of history, poetry, scripture, and romance. Of this accomplishment he was not a little proud, for in one edition of the "Proverbial Philosophy" he celebrated his storied memory and delighted his readers by adding, as an appendix, a list of over six hundred names of persons and places mentioned in the book.

Martin Tupper gladdened the minds of many in his time, and it should never be forgotten that he did it independently of art, humour, beauty, or any of the means by which writers of eminence have been forced to gain their effects from time immemorial. Neither did he win the appreciation of his millions of readers by uttering profound thoughts in scintillating phrases. His thoughts were neither profound nor were his phrases brilliant. Independent of all such aids to success in letters he went his way, winning to fame and fortune, and owing thanks to nothing save the unintelligence of his readers.

New Books.

JOHN STUART MILL.*

We learn little from these two handsome and portly volumes of correspondence regarding the personality of the great man who wrote them which we did not already know before their appearance, but few books of their kind published in recent years have been more welcome. Of new light on Mill's character and development they shed little or none, but they serve, as it were, to bite into our minds in deeper and more enduring lines the lineaments of a fine and commanding personality moulded by an experience probably—and it is to be devoutly hoped—unique. These letters will not only enormously increase our veneration for John Stuart Mill, they will also beget for him a deeper measure of affection and even—the word is not too strong—of pity. For indeed the record of his earlier years is nothing less than terrible to contemplate, and makes one wonder if the experience of Oliver Twist in the parish workhouse or Smike at Dotheboys Hall was not a better and more human preparation for existence than that which actually fell to his lot. Mrs. Browning's lines, "May the good God pardon all good men," would have made an excellent inscription for his father's grave. A good man James Mill certainly was, but one trembles to think in what kind of monster of priggish pedantry or possibly, by *contrecoup* from his unnatural severity, of soulless sensuality, the scheme of education he pursued might have resulted had his son been otherwise than what he was. Only in the soil of a radically noble nature, rich in native virtues of alchemic potency, could such seed as he sowed have resulted in such a crop. John Stuart Mill was a living refutation of his father's pet doctrine, the dogma which dictated the crushing intellectual tyranny James Mill called "education." "He adopted," we are told, "the theory of Helvetius, that mankind are all born alike, that a child's mind is *tabula rasa*, on which may be indelibly stamped any impression it is desired to make, and that all human differences are solely due to differences of education." To him, "pleasure" and "pain" were mere words destitute of any corresponding realities. He worked from five in the morning to eleven at night. He knew no form of exercise or recreation but walking, and all the time he walked he preached and taught. His son could read English at two years of age, and Greek at three, and by nine he had swallowed a mass of mathematics and metaphysics of which the average healthily intelligent man in happily ignorant at ninety. "I never was a boy," he wrote sadly in middle life. His relation to his younger brothers and sisters was the relation of his father to himself—that of a schoolmaster. He was on the verge of early manhood before he was touched by anything to be fairly called an emotion, occasioned by his first view of the Pyrenees. There was a moment when, as the natural outcome of all this inhuman "grind," his great intelligence tottered on the edge of ruin. "He seems," says Mr. Hugh S. R. Elliot, in his admirably written introduction, "to have been troubled with all sorts of curious fancies. He was, for instance, seriously tormented by the thought of the exhaustibility of musical combinations. 'The octave consists only of five tones and two semi-tones, which can be put together in only a limited number of ways, of which but a small proportion are beautiful: most of these, it seemed to me, must have been long discovered, and there could not be room for a long succession of Mozarts and Webers to strike out, as these had done, entirely new and surprisingly rich veins of musical beauty.'" He sought and found escape from such curious nightmares, disquieting by their very puerility, not in alcohol or sensuality, but in reading the poems of Wordsworth.

Much—indeed, most—of the correspondence which would shed a really warm and intimate light on Mill's character yet remains unpublished. It will no doubt be issued in due course. Some of it will be painful reading, as Miss Mary Taylor warns us in her Introductory Note, for there was a time when he suffered acutely from the misunderstanding of his character and motives by those who should have been the first in comprehension and in trust. But the native heat of emotion and the tenderness of heart which, originally chilled by the horribly pedantic atmosphere which surrounded him in youth, burned so brightly in his passion for the remarkable woman who became his wife, and so serenely in his generous regard and admiration of friends less near and dear, will, one feels certain, grow more evident the more we know of him. He was not as other men: his strongest passion could never have broken the bond of verbal restraint, his vocabulary of affection was restricted, but the emotions were there. He loved more than he showed—perhaps more even than he knew.

HENRY MURRAY.

* "The Letters of John Stuart Mill." Edited with an Introduction, by Hugh S. R. Elliot, with a note on Mill's Private Life by Mary Taylor. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A NEW NOVELIST.*

Mr. A. F. Wedgwood makes his entry into the field of fiction with a novel of 518 close pages. What is surprising about this first book is that he should have waited to write it, that with his superlative equipment of manner, character-sense, and fertility of invention, his earlier youth (for I gather that he is past thirty) should have yielded no preliminary immaturities. However, one may imagine that the curious range of experience to which this book

* "The Shadow of a Titan." By A. F. Wedgwood. 6s. (Duckworth.)

is a testimony occupied him fully in the gathering, and his readers are the richer for it. He has hunted in England, travelled in South America, and read Meredith; with this for a preparation, he now comes to the light with a most notable book.

"The Shadow of a Titan" is aptly named. The "Titan" is one Camara, a South American adventurer and statesman, and one is made sensible of him always as something a little shadowy, a brooding and significant presence, trailing his dark and secret purposes across the lives of those about him. One hears of him at second-hand long before he makes his appearance; the tale of his crimes and of his great escape is told across a dinner-table, and the mystery of the man, his evil power, and a certain subtle flavour of him like a taint of disease, help one to see how a man can be obsessed with hatred of him and a woman with love. The tale is told at Frogamoor, the country house where Major Waring and his nephew, Maurice Noonan, fall in and out of love, and have their devious troubles—an admirable piece of work, by the way, and astonishingly full of clearly realised people. There is also some hunting, the real thing, and a hunting accident of the most authentic. But through it all there is no lifting of the shadow; events are but the ticking of the clock drawing on to the hour when Camara will issue forth from his hiding in Paris; Celia Duckworth, passing her days near Frogamoor, a neighbour to its agreeable frivolities, is but waiting his summons to join him. In Celia Mr. Wedgwood has drawn a curiously complex and tragic character, having not a little in common with the titanic Camara. One sees her, from the first, the prey of a strange destiny.

It is as little possible to summarise a novel like this as to condense any large transaction of real life. The book is before all spacious; it has what a painter calls depth; its people are seen in their relation to their fellows and each against his background, and they could only lose by being cut away from their environment for the purpose of a summary. And the current of the tale has the same quality. Camara takes Celia to South America with him, and carries her through his barbarous campaign for the Dictatorship of Bolumbia, lapsing daily further from the man she half-knows toward a remote and monstrous character not to be known at all. There is a striking picture of war as it is understood in South America, a picture not less full of figures and incidents than the earlier part of the book would lead one to expect, vivid, salted with irony, and touched with genuine horror. The very atmosphere of those feverish and most un-republican republics reproduces itself on every page.

Mr. Wedgwood appears to owe much to a close study of Meredith. So much it is necessary to say, but for the rest his striking and original talent is in no sense imitative or derivative. He writes with an almost enthusiastic volubility, which at two points in his book leaves one in want of a link to connect the broken ends of the narrative; he is fertile in epithet and an ingenious coiner of phrases. At Frogamoor, where private theatricals were in preparation, there was a reverend gentleman who interrupted rehearsals, and could by no means be brought to look upon things cheerfully. "A dim, religious intellect," says Mr. Wedgwood. He speaks of an aspect of the mountain Orizaba, "in the evening, when the summit is purple-black like the quick of a hammered thumb-nail." Camara, relating his moving accidents of flood and field, describes "an earthquake in which he had lost a carpet bag containing three shirts and some personal trinkets." However tragic the happening, Mr. Wedgwood is always the detached, faintly critical spectator, ready with his ironic comment. "Darkness came over his head like a bucket," he tells of a man writhing and dying in Camara's strangling hands, and the harsh metaphor helps one to sense the swift ugly scene of murder.

"The Shadow of a Titan" is something much better than a remarkable first book. It is an outstanding novel by any standard, the work of a man of fine genius and particular gifts. He comes upon the public as from an ambush, full-armed with the best assets of the novelist—a great story to tell and a great manner of telling it; I hope that in his capacity of a writer he has come to stay.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

This book is a Triumphal Progress of the Art of France, attended by a modest following of the foreigner. Of its three hundred and seventy pages no less than two hundred and sixteen to the credit of Gaul leave but a brief space wherein the tributary nations may rub shoulders and be thankful. Twenty-five is the portion of the Briton.

Hereby we should be chastened, and whatsoever of the vice of æsthetic pride we may have cherished should be effectually rooted out. And so no doubt it would be were it not that in turning these modest twenty-five pages we note some omissions which give one cause to raise one's head again a little. During the first half of the century M. Bénédite but honours us with three names worth mentioning—Bonington, Constable, and Turner. He leaves to well-deserved oblivion such honest names as Wilkie, Etty, De Wint, Crome, Cox, and Landseer. Does, then, the tale-telling sentimentality of the first and last of these deprive them wholly of the right to a very respectable success in craftsmanship, at least as estimable as that of the Gros, the Girodets, the Vernets, the Delaroches of his own land, by him so fully noticed? And where, till the days of Barbizon, can he find Gallic names to approach in unrhetorical truth those landscapists, De Wint and Crome? But even of Turner, by far the greatest conjurer of the century in any land, he gives us but a dry biographical page. The fact is, we hopefully suspect, that M. Bénédite, by dint of his daily perambulations through those rooms of the Luxembourg of which he is the keeper, has come at length to see the World of Art in that proportion in which naturally it covers those famous walls.

However, this book, in spite of such a trifling error in perspective, is a good and useful record of an era already written to three times the total length by the laborious Herr Muther—who of course, by the way, was inclined to put the Fatherland into that predominance which this present patriot has given to fair France. And it is a record of the deliverance of the painter's art—especially in the latter country—from that false rhetoric which inflated all things in those first years of the century. That "grand style" of picturesqueness which was made the mode for many a year by the bombastic David, which even the noble qualities of Ingres could not escape—nor even the tragic strength of the great Delacroix—that vice grew to its apogee of folly, till in 1831 a great sensation could actually be brought about in Europe by the operatic nonsense of L. Robert, who set the poor Italian peasant attitudinising in his hardest labour to the tune of mandolin and bagpipe, and waiting for ever for some worthy painter to "come along."

Of course when things had got to this pass, protest came. And it was time. It was mainly voiced by the so-called Realism of Gustave Courbet in France and by the Pre-Raphaelites in England. Both thought that they were returning to Nature. They were merely making a protest against the picturesque. Courbet thought to do this by shocking the old sense of composition: the Pre-Raphaelites by crowding-in such detail that each picture was split up into any number of little pictures that barely hung together. Yet, however blindly, gropingly, they worked for good. Theirs were the first great steps towards that

* "Great Painters of the Nineteenth Century." By Léonce Bénédite. 10s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

purgation of rhetoric which is happily at this day nigh completed. A purgation, it may be said in passing, which the sister art of poetry in France both needed as acutely and obtained.

In fact, how to interpret Nature in terms of simple beauty: that is, how to make of her a picture without making her picturesque, has been the problem wrought out with no little success in these latter days on both sides of the Channel—a success which many influences, not enjoyed by our forefathers, have aided; notably that of Japan, bringing reminder that painting is after all æsthetic in the first place; and only rightly literary when that æsthetic spirit has been fully satisfied. But also the so-called Impressionism, with all its occasional extravagance and experimental mess, has greatly led to this result. By thrusting colour and light and atmosphere before form it has slain rhetoric with a smile. Such tenderness can have no share in declamation. It but exists, and dreams, and there an end. So be it.

ARTHUR LEWIS.

THE CHARM OF ITALY.*

The worst of visiting Italy is that it makes all other countries seem tasteless. Politicians may go to Germany in search of confirmation of their pet economic theories, ex-Presidents consumed with the lust of slaughter may seek refreshment in the African jungle, as women craving for millinery fly to Paris. Comic artists may turn for inspiration to the artificial quaintness of Holland. But for the artist, the architect, the man of letters, the epicure of scenery and the cultivated pleasure-seeker, Italy is unrivalled in its varied attractions. Quite apart from the traditional friendship between England and Italy, there is no country in which the fascination of the past mingles so subtilely with the beauty of the present, and none in which the beauty of nature and of art is so enhanced by the radiance of the climate. Who can forget the cypresses rising like dark spear-points against the deep blue of the sky at Tivoli or Verona? Who is not haunted by the solitude of Torcello or the deserted grandeur of Orvieto? The mere mention of an Italian city brings back such a host of memories that no book about Italy could be wholly dull; even if the subject were not an inspiration to the writer it could not fail to evoke delightful recollections in the reader.

There could be no better illustration of the manifold charm of Italy than the range of subject in the three books which the accident of simultaneous publication now brings together. Mr. Martin Briggs, by a happy inspiration of the editor of the *Architectural Review*, was commissioned to explore and describe the city of Lecce, nicknamed by Gregorovius "the Florence of Apulia." Mr. Briggs was admirably qualified for his task, not only by his training as an architect, but also by his association with the British School at Rome. Lecce, though little known to English travellers, except as the nearest important city to Brindisi, is of special interest to students of architecture as being built almost entirely in the "baroque" or "rococo" style. To the devout Ruskinian the idea of a city wholly baroque would no doubt be simply repellent, and even those who have ceased to believe in the verbal inspiration of the "Stones of Venice" might well be daunted by a term generally associated with laboured detail and overloaded ornament. But as Mr. Briggs justly contends, there is good baroque as well as bad, and no one could wish to blot out the Salute from Venice or the baroque churches and fountains from Rome. Rome without the Trevi fountain, the steps of the Trinità del Monte or the Capitol or Santa Maria Maggiore and the Gesù church is unthinkable. The traveller of catholic tastes will welcome this timely protest against the wholesale depreciation of a great architectural school which is associated with so many of the finest monuments of Italy. If the baroque buildings of Lecce are half as charming as they appear in the delightful drawings with which Mr. Briggs has enriched his book, it is indeed strange that except for a brief mention in Gissing's "By the Shores of the Ionian Sea," and a fine description which is quoted from Bourget, this fascinating little city should have been so long neglected. Not content with describing the principal buildings in detail, Mr. Briggs has compiled a clear and interesting account of the history of Lecce with some notes on the Leccese people which should send many visitors to the Florence of Apulia. Mr. Briggs has produced an admirable book which will earn the gratitude of all lovers of Italy.

My Friend Beppi.
From "Walks and People in Tuscany," by Sir Francis Vane, Bart. (John Lane.)

M. Monnier is an enthusiast of a different stamp. His aim has been to reconstruct Venice of the eighteenth century, then the acknowledged pleasure city of Europe. To this task he brings wide reading and catholic tastes, and what is more important still, a genial and sympathetic tolerance. For Venice of the eighteenth century, cosmopolitan, brilliant, and artificial, was dissolute and reckless to a degree almost incredible to the more sober twentieth century, and the Venetian contemporaries of Goldori and Casanova are fortunate in finding so kindly a historian. Nor can it be questioned that M. Monnier's standpoint is right, for nothing is so misleading as to judge one age by the moral standard of another. For the historian, and in a special degree for the social historian, it is of prime importance to see things in the right perspective. To apply to the eighteenth century the standards of the twentieth is like judging baroque architecture by the canons of Gothic. M. Monnier's erudition is vouched for not only by his sixteen pages of bibliography, but by the French Academy, who "crowned" the book. But he wears his learning lightly, and his lively and vivacious style has been admirably reproduced by the anonymous translator. "A jest from Scaramouche, or Harlequin, an old book bound in leather, the noise of a gilded coach rumbling along the street, the beautifully written score of some grave oratorio, the air of a song delicate as a bird's, a sham sundial painted on a wall—dust, luxury, nothing to do, Volta and his frog, Silvia with her smile—there (says M. Monnier in a characteristic passage) you have Italy in the eighteenth century." M. Monnier has caught the essential spirit of the age with remarkable lightness and sureness of touch.

Sir Francis Vane's artless little book is in marked contrast to the graceful and polished learning of M. Monnier and the scientific precision of Mr. Briggs. It is a simple and unpretentious narrative of rides and walks in Tuscany, starting from Florence or Bagni di Lucca. Sir Francis Vane knows Italy from long residence, and the bond which unites him to the Italians is strengthened by family con-

* "In the Heel of Italy." By M. S. Briggs. 8s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)—"Venice in the Eighteenth Century." By Philippe Monnier. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Walks and People in Tuscany." By Sir Francis Vane, Bart. 6s. (John Lane.)

nections. He is singularly free from insular prejudices and not less free from any desire to instruct or parade his own learning, and his book, though desultory and discursive, has the charm peculiar to books written for the author's own pleasure. It is full of vivid little character-sketches, and gives the reader just the right sense of rambling through beautiful country among a frank and winning peasantry side by side with a cultured and sympathetic travelling companion. As a cicerone Sir Francis Vane is always observant and picturesque, and often quick to note the characteristic features of the country and the people he so happily describes.

COULSON KERNAHAN'S NEW ESSAYS.*

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is one of those troublesome, versatile writers whom it is difficult to characterise. You cannot label him with a single definite word and have done with it; for he is essayist, novelist, critic, lecturer all in one, and has done notable work in each capacity. Moreover, he has written that brilliant series of religious allegories that have been more widely popular even than his novels, and with which his name is perhaps chiefly associated; these can neither be classed as fiction nor as essays; they are more nearly allied to poetry, and are, indeed, accurately described as poems in prose.

In his new book, "Dreams, Dead Earnest and Half Jest," the first volume of essays he has published since nine years ago, Mr. Kernahan gives us something of a mixture, but it is a good mixture, and offers pleasant and appetising tastes of his diverse qualities. You see him as the teller of tales in such of the contents as "Cerberus in Love" or "How the Aberdeen Terrier got his long back"; as the essayist proper in such as "Humour and Religion" or "The Impossible Irishman"; as the Territorial officer sharpening his sword into a pen in "Little Englander and Jingoite"; as prose poet in "I Believe—in the Wildflower and the Dawn"; and as poet and religious allegorist in "A Dream of the World's End."

Better than praising the fine and delicate fancies, the passages of imaginative beauty, the touches of shrewd wit and insight with which Mr. Kernahan's pages are enriched—here are quotations that will speak more satisfactorily for themselves:

> "The morning which brings the first snowdrop—wonderful to look upon as was the face of the newly risen Christ to those who watched by the sepulchre—is to me the Flower-Resurrection morning and Easter Day of the year. It comes to us, that tiny flower, not only out of the grave of those whom we have buried in the year that is gone, but out of every grave that has closed over a loved face since life began. It carries us back not only to the lost spring of last year, but to the first remembered spring of our distant childhood. Meanwhile we have grown old and tired. Our faces are lined and worn, our hair grey-streaked and thin, our eyes lustreless and dimming, but, out of the grave of the past, rises that little flower, fair, fresh and immortal as in the days of our childhood, and making the flower of child-hopes, child-dreams, and child-loves to bloom again in this late garden of our life."

That is from "I Believe—in the Wildflower and the Dawn." This, for the sake of contrast, is from "The Impossible Irishman":

> "That there is a great future for Ireland I am not sure. For Irishmen, yes; for Ireland, no. The Irish temperament is a diamond that is seen to best advantage in other than Irish setting. It is by contrast that the Irishman shines, and of the illustrious Irishmen who might be instanced, it is out of Ireland, not in it, that most of them won fame. The Irish are a nation of diners-out, who talk best at other folk's tables."

"A Dream of the World's End" is as vivid, as warmly human, and as impressive as anything Mr. Kernahan has ever done in this kind; which is saying a great deal for it, but not too much. It is jewelled with high thoughts and haunting phrases, and is the work of one who is at once a visionary of profoundly religious temperament and a man of the world who knows both the weakness and the strength of human nature. The humour of the book is by turns tender, freakish, and quietly satirical; but through it all runs an undercurrent of seriousness—the seriousness of one who has seen the budding morrow at midnight, and life peering out through the hollow eyes of death.

* "Dreams, Dead Earnest and Half Jest." By Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Jarrold.)

A COUNTRYMAN'S PROSE.*

A reprint of "Rural Rides" is a good thing, because Cobbett was a great Englishman and lover of England who wrote great English. It was not necessary to cut out the "political diatribes" as has been done for this one. Not a hundred people could understand them like a contemporary. It would be hard to ask more troublesome questions than, Who was "The Stern-path-of-duty Man" and "The Great Hole-digger"? and what was Cobbett's "Gridiron Policy"? But no matter: Cobbett is such a man and such a writer that names and phrases once full of immediate significance have now something of the value adhering, somehow, to names in Ossian, for example, and in the Prophetic Books of the Bible. It is true that Cobbett was an out-and-out contemporary—violently given up to things of the moment, and with ideas exclusively devoted to those things—and that a really well-edited Cobbett would make one of the most valuable histories of the early nineteenth century. But he lives now by the personal force which is almost independent of his subject-matter and ideas. He comes to us offering, as only half a dozen other Englishmen do, the pleasure of watching a fighter whose brain and voice are, as it were, part of his physical and muscular development. The movement of his prose is a bodily thing. His sentences do not precisely suggest the swing of an arm or a leg, but they have something in common with it. His style is perhaps the nearest to speech which has really survived as a style. Borrow's has the finest effect of speech, but in its actual method is far removed and upon an ordinary Victorian basis. Cobbett's is like speech both in its method and in its effect, and it carries with it on every page a reminder of the "elderly, respectable-looking, red-faced gentleman, in a dust-coloured coat and drab breeches with gaiters, tall and strongly built, with sharp eyes, a round and ruddy countenance, smallish features, and a peculiarly cynical mouth," who sat in the Parliament of 1832. "Cynical mouth" must be wrong; it must be Lord Dalling's misinterpretation of the mouth of an enthusiast with a sense of humour.

It needs too difficult an inquiry to discover how Cobbett was able to project himself physically into his prose. Partly it may be due to the continually awakened consciousness of his publicity in days of trouble. At least that is suggested when he tells us that, in hunting over some dangerous ground, he thought once or twice of his neck, and how his enemy, Lord Sidmouth, would like to see him; and when he describes a stormy meeting of Sussex farmers where it was moved that he should be put out of the room, "I rose," says Cobbett, "that they might see the man they had to put out." He was then in his sixtieth year. Partly also the effect is due to his colloquial words and phrases and turns of speech, to his italics, and to his very personal methods in referring to himself to others. However it came to be so, it is the style of a physically active man, of the man who as a boy of eight trailed a herring over Moor Park to puzzle the harriers and a brutal huntsman; who at twenty walked thirty miles to Portsmouth, and was there by the first sight of the sea and the English fleet moved to offer himself for the navy next day at daybreak. Luckily he failed to

* "Rural Rides." By William Cobbett. The Finsbury Library. 2 Vols. 1s. net each. (Robert Culley.)

enter the navy, but it was only a year later that he joined the army. He gave his leisure to English grammar, writing out Lowth's Grammar two or three times, and repeating it all through from memory while on sentinel duty. He farmed in England and America; he planted trees; he rode all over the south of England. The best part of his education he considered to be rolling down a sandhill with his brothers. He went to see this sandhill with his son, "to return to it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools, that ever was permitted to afflict this or any other country." Cobbett's pen, at any rate, is as good as a sword, a short, thick sword, with a point as well as an edge.

It is worth noticing a curious fact that, though his style and mind might be supposed to be a beer-and-beef man's, he never touched intoxicating liquors while he was in the army. I do not know what his habits were afterwards. He always speaks with respect of beer, but he was no beer-and-beef man, for on one of his rides he tells us that he fed upon apples and nuts, and that he could "be very well content to live on nuts, milk, and home-baked bread." It might be shown that his style, with all its open-air virility, is yet lean and hard and undecorated, in accordance with this unorthodoxy in food and drink. But what a thing it is! What descriptions, what opinions, what campaigns of words! Their fascination is inexhaustible. For me it is like watching a man, a confident, free-speaking man, with a fine head, and a voice and gestures peculiarly his own, standing up in a crowd, a head taller than the rest, and uttering new things.

EDWARD THOMAS.

ANOTHER LOST NATION.*

Whatever Mr. Leonard King produces is scholarly, and in this first volume of three which are to comprise the history as far as it is known at present of the Chaldeans and Assyrians he enhances his already great reputation. As we look through his carefully compiled history of the very earliest known periods of those once fertile lands irrigated by the Euphrates and Tigris, a country so ancient in its civilisation that the closing pages of its history dating back for thousands of years are contemporaneous with the period of the Jewish Captivity in Babylon, we are struck with the vastness of time past. Less than two thousand years ago the Britons were naked savages, and yet, when one delves into the history of Mesopotamia, it is not a question of two thousand years. Twice that period before the birth of Christ takes us back only to about the age of Sargon, when the Sumerian and the later Akkadian civilisation was as flawless as in its later days. If we go back six thousand years we shall not find it a nation of savages or even of a people just learning to emancipate themselves from that stage. Six thousand years ago, and in the opinion of many learned authorities earlier, these people built cities, spoke and wrote a finished language, built temples, raised great engineering works, and conducted all the ordinary mundane affairs of civilised life, as duly testified and recorded in their archives.

Mr. King is studiously moderate in his views. In advancing a theory his painstaking efforts to place every possible shred of evidence before his readers is most noteworthy. Indeed, no student of antiquity will be fully equipped when it comes to the early periods of Mesopotamia unless he possesses this most invaluable book. The latest exploration work is very fully treated both in description and illustration. The French at Tello, the Germans at Surghul and El-Hibba, the Americans at Nippur, and our own people in various parts—though unfortunately, as in most important antiquarian matters, England is not lavish with funds—are thoroughly described. We know now exactly where we stand as regards the records found with their decipherment. And this is no small achievement when only a few years ago the various Assyriologists were sharply divided in opinion as to whether there ever really were any such people as the Sumerians. Halévy, the French savant, in the violent and decisive manner characteristic of him, was foremost in denying the very existence of this people, and explained away their language by saying that it was a secret code of the priesthood.

It must be confessed, however, that most, if not all, of the important problems concerned with the Sumerians are as far as ever from being solved. As Mr. King tells us:

> "Although the earliest Sumerian settlements in Southern Babylonia are to be set back in a comparatively remote period, the race by which they were founded appears at that time to have already attained to a high level of culture. We find them building houses for themselves, and temples for their gods of burnt and unburnt brick. They are rich in sheep and cattle, and they have increased the natural fertility of their country by means of a regular system of canals and irrigation channels."

But—and a big "but" it is—no one knows whence these people and their civilisation came. At once, then, the question arises: "Who were these Sumerians?" After all, short of a miracle a people only attain such heights of civilisation as Mr. King indicates after periods of learning spreading over thousands of years. That is, of course, unless they had brought their civilisation with them. But where did or could they bring it from? Egypt may be left out of consideration. The results of recent excavation and research, both in Egypt and Babylonia, Mr. King tells us, have tended to diminish rather than to increase the evidence of any close connection between the early cultures of the two countries. In their writing this lack of connection is clearly shown. The Sumerians had a perfect and conventionalised set of characters pointing to a very early period of development, while the Egyptians yet relied upon a comparatively crude picture-glyph to represent objects. Now, it is agreed that the Babylonians had come from somewhere. They were not an autochthonous people. Yet, says Mr. King, "the race was already possessed of a high standard of civilisation on their arrival in Babylonia." In the very earliest inscriptions their letter characters have lost their pictorial form. This is very significant, for it proves, even if there were nothing else to be urged, that their system of cuneiform writing had already been perfected. Any one considering our English letters to-day from their early Roman prototype will understand more readily what this means, and then they will need to trace the Roman alphabet from the early day when it depicted objects of every-day use.

It is useless to pursue the inquiry as to whence the Sumerians came if we limit ourselves to the countries bordering on Babylonia. Mr. King includes in his book an appendix on recent explorations in Turkestan, but he is unable to do more than throw out a suggestion, which carries us nowhere. The Akkadians, of Semitic descent and later than the Sumerians, possibly arrived from their primeval home via Turkestan, but even if the Sumerians had reached the Euphrates valley via Central Asia, is it suggested that there they originated? Central Asia contains many marvellous remains buried under the desert sands. Once it may have been the centre of a great and powerful civilisation, but there must be a reason for a people migrating from there. As yet not one nation has been proved to be actually autochthonous to the soil, whether one takes Asia, America, or Europe. Wherever else we may have originated, every sign and evidence is decidedly against Central Asia as our starting place. We can dismiss it as the desperate choice of men who, wedded to obsolete theories, can only conceive the idea of an immigrating people in Asia originating from Asia.

When we come to consider the physical characteristics

* "A History of Sumer and Akkad." By Leonard W. King, M.A., F.S.A. With Map, Plans, and Illustrations. 18s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

of the Sumerians we are again faced by a well-nigh insoluble problem. We know the unfailing characteristics of the Semitic invaders, who retained the hair of the head, and wore long black beards, carefully trimmed, oiled, and curled. Their well-known facial characteristics, particularly the nose and the full coarse lips, are unmistakable. Of course, the Sumerians recognised these physical differences; and Mr. King tells us that the phrase "the black-headed ones" is of frequent occurrence in the later texts, in contradistinction to themselves. The Sumerians shaved the head and wore no hair upon the face. The heads of the statues at Tello, most of which are supposed to represent kings, are characterised by a rounded head with slightly prominent cheek-bones, always beardless, and usually with a clean-shaven crown. When they are not hairless they are depicted as wearing—wigs!

One of the most illuminating historical discoveries as yet unearthed was a broken slab of stone, part of which was recovered during the excavations at Tello. This slab, curved at the top, was sculptured and inscribed on both sides and upon its edges. Up to the present time seven fragments of it have been found, of which six repose in the Louvre and one in the British Museum. It is known as the "Stele of the Vultures," and it commemorates a great victory which Eannatum, Patesi of Lagash, gained over the men of Umma. This stele is so interesting that it is impossible to treat the subject of it with any justice within the limits of this notice, but one thing very clearly distinguishable is the difference between Eannatum, the Sumerian monarch, and his followers as compared with the enemy. Mr. King dwells carefully on this point:

> "On the Stele of the Vultures, Eannatum and his soldiers are sculptured with thick hair flowing from beneath their helmets and falling on their shoulders. But they have shaven faces, and, in view of the fact that on the same monument all the dead upon the field of battle and in the burial mounds have shaven heads, like those of the Sumerians assisting at the burial and the sacrificial rites, we may regard the hair of Eannatum and his warriors as wigs, worn like the wigs of the Egyptians on special occasions and particularly in battle."

The Sumerians can, from the sculptures they have left us, be described as a good-looking race of people, and remarkably intelligent. Their noses were large, and, to use a descriptive word, we might say "beaky." Their eyes were large, and were set wide apart from the bridge of the nose. Their hair was fine in texture. Mr. King gives many excellent pictures of the various types, the most interesting, undoubtedly, from more than one point of view, being a seated figure of Gudea, Patesi of Shirpurla. The women were decidedly handsome, though perhaps their cheek-bones would be considered to-day a little too pronounced to be beautiful. It is curious that an archaic plaque from Tello, supposed to be a woman, shows what, says Mr. King, "may be intended for a thick lock of hair falling over the right shoulder." In ancient Mexico the Maya woman always wore a plait of hair over her right shoulder as a sign of widowhood.

Mr. King, thoroughly as he discusses the characteristics of the Sumerians, can advance no theory or conjecture as to whence these people came. He discards the theory of a Chinese origin as too improbable to need detailed refutation, while "a more recent suggestion that their language is of Indo-European origin and structure is scarcely less probable."

So far, then, even so famous a student and Assyriologist as Mr. King, though he can lay bare to us the achievements of the Sumerians, has to confess that he has not the least suggestion to offer as to the origin of the people of Sumer. Let us, then, offer him one. Why overrun Asia or the borders of the Mediterranean in anxious search for clues that are non-existent when a very simple explanation is to hand? True, it needs courage to look facts in the face and question whether, after all, the learned men of Europe for many centuries have not been building up a large edifice on a false foundation. But it is better to pull it down and start again on a sound basis than to go on bolstering up by unsound premises and untenable suggestions the jerry-built structure which has passed muster for far too long. To find the relations of the Sumerians we must go to the American continent. The seated figure of Gudea, Patesi of Shirpurla, can be duplicated, down to his bee-hive hat, among the monuments of Mexico. The Sumerian type of feature, without a doubt, can be seen in the wonderful burial pottery of the Peruvians (especially of the Chimu peoples) on their ancient edifices, where, in Central and South America, they often placed the likeness of a notable. The type of Sumerian may be seen, in fact, on the American continent just in those places where, in the remote past, great empires flourished, whose remains to-day amaze those who take the trouble to inquire into them.

"There is a continuity in language," says Professor Max Müller, "which nothing equals," so let us adduce a few suggestions on the subject of language. Dr. Hyde Clark, a very learned philologist, in classifying the proto-historic races, tabled the following nations as being related by language to Sumerian: Peruvian, Mexican, Egyptian, Dravidian, Chinese, and Tibetan. The alleged influence of Chinese in America he considered more probably to be Sumerian. The late Sir D. Wilson, another learned philologist, held to the opinion that the derivation of the Aymara race in Peru was due to a Sumerian migration from Babylon, but he was putting the cart before the horse. He traced relationships between the Guarani and other languages in South America and Egypt, and in his essay, "The Lost Atlantis," he advances the cause of the relationship thus:

> "Those movements are assumed to belong to an era of civilisation during which the maritime enterprise of the Pacific must have been carried on upon a scale unknown to the most adventurous of modern Malay navigators. . . . All this implies that the highway of the Pacific was familiar to both continents; and hence a second migration is recognised in certain linguistic relations between the Siamese and other languages of Indo-China, and the Quichua and Aztec of Peru and Mexico."

The Sumerian tongue is spoken to-day in America by the native peoples, especially the Aymara Indians, and it is spoken nowhere else. Now these are facts, not conjectures, and it is curious that our scientists will not meet the problem more courageously. When it is found that Sumerian is more nearly related to America than Central Asia, a solution to an immense problem is indicated to us, and we should have the courage to recognise it.

If we take religion we find the same thing. The Ziggurats of Babylon resemble the Pyramids or Teocallis of Peru and Mexico to a remarkable degree. The conception is identical; they were built of mounds composed of superimposed platforms, either square or oblong, forming cones or pyramids, sometimes their angles, at others their faces, fronting exactly the cardinal points. Even to their staircases to the summit of the pyramids the construction and idea were the same. The Sumerians worshipped the sun and the moon similarly to the Americans, and their deities correspond in a remarkable degree.

A great deal more might be adduced of an analagous nature to establish this kinship between the Sumerians and the ancient Americans, when America was at her greatest. It need only be said here that the suggestion that the Sumerians migrated from Babylon to America is not tenable. American records universally agree that their ancestors came from the East, but that East, we do not hesitate to assert, was the great lost continent of Atlantis, the true cradle of the human race. There was developed the early civilisation of those races, which, leaving the parent stock, developed their separate civilisations in all parts of the world. In this way, and only in this way, can one account for the otherwise mysterious relationship between all great peoples of the past, and

the resemblance between the early inhabitants of Mesopotamia and the peoples of Central South America.

We have only to add that the fascinating and graphic descriptions in this most valuable book are supplemented by considerably over one hundred plates, illustrations, and maps.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

ENGLISH PROSODY.*

Most of us, remembering the hexameters and iambics of our schooldays, have some sort of knowledge of the structure of Greek and Latin poetry. But except for the names of a few of the commoner or more eccentric measures and forms we must confess profound ignorance, from the structural point of view, of the verse written in our own tongue. Such knowledge is not essential to the enjoyment of good poetry. The majority of poets doubtless do not possess it to any great extent. They write what seems good to the ear.

Nevertheless, behind every art lies a science. Behind poetry lies prosody; and, since knowledge for its own sake is a good thing, it is just as well to know something of the science of prosody, even it it will not materially add to one's pleasure in reading verse. There can be no doubt that Professor Saintsbury's book will long be the standard work on the subject.

Earlier prosodists, like many scientists and most philosophers, have started with a theory and endeavoured to fit their material thereto. Professor Saintsbury, on the other hand, started with a knowledge and love of poetry. He had, as he tells us, passed the age after which Professor Osler considers a man to be too old for effective work before he read the works of any of his predecessors. Consequently, being filled with the spirit and music of beautiful verse, he did not fall into their pedantic errors. He knows that a verse is good or bad as it is good or bad to the ear, and on no other grounds. So though he discourses learnedly enough of dactyl and spondee, trochee and iamb, it is with the living organism rather than with its chemical components that he is ultimately concerned.

With the publication of the third volume Professor Saintsbury's labours in this particular field are ended. He is right in calling it the most interesting volume of the three, treating as it does of poetry which is still new. For though we look with awe and admiration on the giants of an elder day (and lament, perchance, that we have no Shakespeare *now*), our interest is none the less keenest in the work of those who have lived for us as men. In any case, from the purely prosodic point of view, this latest period has special charms.

The latter part of the second volume dealt with the classical poetry of the eighteenth century, the tyranny of the heroic couplet. Here we have the history of the revolt, the rebirth of lyric and of blank verse. It is an age of many measures. A large part of the first chapter is devoted to Blake, and his position is vindicated from the prosodic as it has been of late years so vehemently from the purely poetic point of view. "No poet since Shakespeare seems to me to have had such an instinctive mastery of the great principle of perfected English prosody—foot composition with free substitution," writes Professor Saintsbury. "Foot composition with free substitution"—or equivalence—is his explanation of the structure of English verse, and he supports his thesis by the work of the great age that produced Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, and Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Morris, and the Rossettis, and culminated in the metric splendour of Swinburne. He discusses the nature of the foot in an appendix, and in another establishes the iamb as the base-foot of English.

* "History of English Prosody." By George Saintsbury. Vol. III. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.*

With such an interesting county as Buckinghamshire for his theme, it would have been strange if Mr. Clement Shorter had failed to produce an interesting book, and it is not surprising that he has added one of the most delightful and most satisfying of volumes to the admirable "Highways and Byways" Series. He has brought a conscience to his work and that robust enthusiasm without which no work can ever be done thoroughly. Buckinghamshire may not be, as he claims, distinguished above all our other counties for "its associations with famous men and famous deeds" (for one thing, it does not contain London), but it has enough and to spare of such associa-

Shelley's House, Great Marlow.
From "Highways and Byways in Buckinghamshire," by Clement Shorter. (Macmillan.)

tions to make any county glorious, and Mr. Shorter has gone through it on the tracks of time, like a very spirit of history, gathering up all the threads of its story with a patient diligence and loving care that make him one of the best of good cicerones. Even where the town, the village, the hamlet, are insignificant and naked of great memories, he cannot pass it by without a word; perhaps he will linger in its church and churchyard and discover some quaint tablet or curious epitaph worth noticing, some unusual memorial to some unknown pomposity that serves to throw a sort of sidelight on the obscure past of the place. "Perhaps no place can have a history, at least no English village, without an old church," says Mr. Shorter, and true to this conviction, whenever he arrives anywhere he makes straight for the church and wanders among graves and monuments, and searches in old registers, and some of his most fascinating chapters are distilled therefrom. Buckinghamshire attracts him "solely on the human side," and it is on this side that he makes it attractive to his readers.

He does not neglect the antiquarian lore of the county, its legends, its architectural survivals, its topography, but he is drawn to it, and draws his readers to it, chiefly because it was the home of Milton, Waller, Gray, Shelley, Cowper, Penn, Ellwood, Hampden, Burke, Lord Beaconsfield, Isaac D'Israeli, Bulstrode Whitelocke, and has inseparable connections with many another famous man of yesterday. So far indeed is Mr. Shorter from neglecting the topography of the district, that no handbook could be more punctilious in giving directions for getting from place to place, the best route, the nearest railway station, the number of miles from this town to that, when to turn to the right hand and when to the left; all which is in-

* "Highways and Byways in Buckinghamshire." By Clement Shorter. With Illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. 6s. (Macmillan.)

valuable to the tourist, who will be in no danger of losing his way or of missing anything worth seeing in the county if he traverses it with this book in his hand and wisely follows its lucid directions. Mr. Shorter seems to have set himself to give us what should be at once a gossipy, pleasant, reliable record of the homes and haunts of Buckinghamshire worthies, and an exact and serviceable guide along the roads we are to follow; and in both these aims he has entirely succeeded. A good map and over eighty of Mr. Frederick L. Griggs's charming sketches add materially to the value and attractiveness of the volume.

HOLIDAY READING.

Some of us, who write more than we think, are still repeating at intervals that the possession of a sense of humour is an obstacle to success. However this may be in other worlds, in the world of literature all the evidence is to the contrary. In fiction especially there has been in these latter years a welcome renascence of the comic spirit, and most of the more successful stories of the last decade have either been humorous or have been relieved by a vein of humour that has had its share in making them popular.

Here are twelve new volumes of fiction, taken almost at random: not one of them is to be dismissed as a book without merit; at least half of them have distinct and fine artistic qualities; four of them are brilliant comedy or farce, and there is more or less of humour in eleven out of the dozen.

"The Beloved Vagabond" is a great book; if "Simon the Jester"[1] is not exactly that, it is nevertheless a brilliant and delightfully fantastic romance, witty, cynical, fanciful, a criticism of life that is none the less shrewd because the philosopher wears the motley and edges his wisdom with a jest. Simon de Gex, M.P., has wealth, the prospect of a great career, and is engaged to be married, when his physician warns him that he is suffering from an obscure, incurable disease and has not more than six months of life remaining to him. He resigns his seat in Parliament, breaks off his engagement, and resolves to spend his little remnant of time in playing deputy Providence and enjoying himself by making others happy. "The consequences of a good action are often more disastrous than those of an evil one. But if a man is going to die, he can do good with impunity. He can simply wallow in practical virtue. When the boomerang of his beneficence comes back to hit him on the head—he won't be there to feel it." That is the one flaw in Simon's calculations. When the boomerang comes back he is still there, and it does not miss him. He spends his money in furthering his altruistic schemes and reduces himself almost to beggary; he tries to rescue his young secretary from the wiles of a woman who is supposed to be undesirable, falls in love with her himself, and finds her worthy of his love; then, whilst he is unconscious in the grip of one of his periodical attacks, a foreign doctor performs an operation that ought to have been fatal, and he is restored to perfect health, and has to begin life anew very much as if he had come back from the dead and found his old places filled by usurpers. Anastasius, the quaint, mad little cat-tamer, and Lola Brandt, his mistress, that supposed undesirable woman, are particularly well drawn; the disfigurement of Lola towards the close jars somewhat and seems rather an unnecessary cruelty; but for the most part it is all so buoyant, so gay, so aboundingly clever that one has no inclination to make much of that single fly in the ointment.

Mr. Keble Howard calls "The Cheerful Knave"[2] a comedy; it is really a dainty and delectable farce, in which the knave, a rascally, quaintly amusing tramp, plays a deputy Providence part without meaning to do so. Young Lord Bacchus is over head and ears in love with pretty but penniless Joyce Dartnell; his mother is bent upon his marrying his plain cousin Jane, and he has not courage enough to defy her. Joyce, disguised in blue spectacles and with her hair hideously arranged, goes to the castle in answer to an advertisement and succeeds in getting Lady Bacchus to engage her as his lordship's secretary, her object being to make the acquaintance of her lover's mother, to ingratiate herself, and seek for means of overcoming her objections to herself as an American and a young lady of no account. Lord Bacchus, of course, recognises her at once, and proves such a futile intriguer that his mother is soon suspicious, and it is only the preposterous interventions of the genial knave that accidentally bring the airy little romance to a happy ending. "You couldn't have done us a better turn," as Lord Bacchus assures him at last, "if you'd been specially commissioned by Venus & Co. to bring about our marriage." It is an ingenious tale, as full of pleasant laughter as a good July day is of sunshine.

Like "Simon the Jester," Otto Breck, the artist, in "The One Who Came After,"[1] has been warned by his doctor that he must die; but instead of six months, only two are left to him; and in this case the doctor is not mistaken, for in less than the appointed time Otto is dead, and his daughter Christine has to face the world alone. She makes a mistake in marrying the man her father wished her to marry; he is a good man, a minister, but she does not love him and cannot reconcile herself to his ideals and his environment. She revolts, and goes away from him, and he is too hurt and proud to go after her; and when at length she returns to him, it is under the influence of a woman who had been through similar experiences. This woman, Mrs. Prentice, is a notable character and excellently drawn; her prototype is still living, and many readers will recognise her without difficulty. The story is a strong and a deeply interesting one, and reveals the knowledge of humanity, the sympathy, and quiet charm that characterise all that this author writes.

One may say that Mr. Charles Marriott has done better work than "Now"[2] without decrying this gossipy narrative of the middle-aged professional man who joined an odd society that was bent on bringing about a social revolution by a simple process of abstaining from voting and investing money—by passively standing aside, as it were, not opposing or attempting to reform, but leaving the present social machinery to rust and run down, that the ground might be clear for the building up of a more satisfactory state of things. The main interest gathers about Julia, the daughter of the Kenwyn-Browns, her love for the vagabond, unconventional Conrad Lowe, the development of her character until she courageously flings conventions aside, runs away, marries him, shares his happy-go-lucky existence, and is, moreover, contented with her lot.

In "Madcap Jane"[3] we are brought up against the conventions again. Jane Sinclair, lively, hoydenish, but wholly ingenuous, marries when she is very young the much older Sir Julyan George, who had been married before. She is bored by the visits of her husband's first mother-in-law, Mrs. Angel, and her dowdy daughters; by the prim social observances and humdrum amenities of country life; and when her mother and her aunt, on her husband's invitation, come to try to repress her a little, she runs away and, the chance presenting itself, takes a situation as third housemaid in the Angel family and makes things hum in the servants' hall. Her story, till she goes home again "to be good," makes one of the most sparklingly humorous and amusing of the twelve books in my bundle.

If you are for a strong, sensational plot, with something of mystery in it, and some vivid pictures of high life and

[1] "Simon the Jester." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)
[2] "The Cheerful Knave." By Keble Howard. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

[1] "The One Who Came After." By David Lyall. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[2] "Now." By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
[3] "Madcap Jane." By C. A. Dawson Scott. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

low life, and the picturesque bohemianism of London and Paris, you will find what you want in "The Fall of a Saint,"[1] a racy and absorbingly interesting "thriller" by Mr. Eric Clement Scott. "Sir Roger Keyne,"[2] is lighter in style and more given over to love than to crime, but is no love-tale of the orthodox description. Barbara Milner, orphaned at an early age, is jilted by the man she was to have married, and to help Dorothy Keyne, who is being sent from Africa to her brother, Sir Roger, in England, she assumes Dorothy's identity; and whilst Dorothy goes off to rejoin in secret the young man her mother has dismissed, Barbara voyages across the sea, and is met by Sir Roger, who, not having seen his sister since her infancy, never suspects the deception until—— But why spoil a good story by telling too much of it? Mr. Maxwell writes very attractively; his dialogue is particularly crisp and natural.

"The Discovery of the Dead"[3] is a weird, grotesquely imaginative fantasy, sombre, grim, unreal, but made plausible by a detailed realism in narration that is worthy of the bizarre inventiveness of Edgar Allan Poe. Sombre and realistic too, but in a widely different sense, is "The Glory and the Abyss"[4] of Mr. Vincent Brown. Its sketches of certain phases of rural life are amazingly and piteously true; squalid they may be—must be, for so they are in reality; but Mr. Brown paints them with understanding and such sensitive sympathy that the beauty of human love and suffering and self-sacrifice breaks through their darkness, and transfigures what would else be gross and painful into a poignant and hauntingly pathetic narrative. Before you have read many pages you know the hapless, shiftless, disreputable Bonoor family as intimately as if you had lived under the same roof with them; and you conceive a respect and admiration for the slow, loyal, silent, dimly idealistic Peter Bonoor that increases as his strange, great individuality grows upon you. This is a novel of unquestionable power; even "A Magdalen's Husband" must give place to it; it has humour, and though its prevailing note is one of tragedy, it is so admirably written that the reading of it is a high pleasure one is glad not to have missed.

Ever since I read "King's End" I have made a point of getting each of the too-few books that Alice Brown has published. Her "Country Neighbours"[5] is a collection of sixteen short stories, fragrant with the quaint humour and elusive pathos that are native to all her work. I have read no more refreshing, no more entirely delightful book than this for many a day.

Another good collection of short stories is "Flower of Destiny"[6]; but these, instead of dealing with homely, modern life and character, are, four of them, of the Persia and Egypt of a thousand years ago, and one of present-day Turkey. They are skilfully written, pulsing with sentiment and emotion, and cunningly steeped in the gorgeous colours, the languorous atmosphere and sensuous charm of the Orient.

"Freda"[7] brings us home again to fresher, breezier airs, and less fiercely passionate loves. Freda is an orphan who is brutally used by her guardians, a strange couple who run a sort of gambling-den in a French town. The man dies; the household breaks up; Freda finds another protector, and by-and-by is able to come over to England and enter on the difficult task of unravelling the secret of her birth. In doing so she meets many interesting people, passes through exciting and dangerous adventures, and renews and continues to a happy end one of the most tantalising and charming love-stories Mrs. Hinkson has ever given us.

If you get any of these books you may be sure of having your money's worth; if you get them all, you will be furnished with holiday reading to suit your gravest mood as well as your gayest.

[1] "The Fall of a Saint." By Eric Clement Scott. 6s. (Greening.)
[2] "Sir Roger Keyne." By H. Maxwell. 6s. (Digby, Long & Co.)
[3] "The Discovery of the Dead." By Allen Upward. 3s. 6d. net. (Fifield.)
[4] "The Glory and the Abyss." By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
[5] "Country Neighbours." By Alice Brown. 6s. (Constable.)
[6] "Flower of Destiny." By Margaret Mordecai. 6s. (Putnam's.)
[7] "Freda." By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Cassell.)

CANADIAN PICTURES.*

"Janey Canuck in the West" is a book that will delight those who know Canada, and inform those who do not, and delight them too. As a rule, one is disposed to divide books of travel into two distinct types: the one is useful but dull, and the other amusing but not useful. There is, however, a rarer third kind that you read for entertainment, and then keep for reference, and "Janey Canuck" belongs to it. The vivacity and humour of the book, its sly epigrams and quaint descriptive touches tickle you to frequent chucklings; withal it gives you a more vivid and comprehensible idea of what life is like in Western Canada than you are likely to obtain from any serious guide-book. There are some admirable, illuminating chapters devoted to that strange and curiously interesting people, the Dukhobors; and intimate, sympathetic sketches of other of the varied races that have gone to dwell in that vast land of promise. Mrs. Ferguson frankly discloses the drawbacks of living there, but weighing the drawbacks against the increasing advantages, shows that the latter are large enough and good enough to reduce the former to insignificance. There are incidental dissertations, by turns thoughtful and frivolous, on a village cemetery, on forests and civilisation, on skating, winter nights, and on cookery, which latter gives occasion for one of many capital anecdotes: "The Padre told a story of a philosopher who said: 'Tell me what people read, and I will tell you what they are.' 'Well, there's my wife,' rejoined the dyspeptic party. 'She's for ever reading cookery books. Now, what is she?' 'Why, a cook, of course,' replied the philosophy dispenser. 'That's where the spokes rattle in your wheels,' said the other. 'She only thinks she is.'" There are excellent aphorisms on matrimony, morality, temptations, progress, and the ways of life in general which we had marked for quotation, but we shall have to content ourselves, after all, with

Mrs. Emily Ferguson on her mare "Jessie."

* "Janey Canuck in the West." By Emily Ferguson. Illustrated. 6s. (Cassell.)

advising you to go to the book for them. It is a book that is worth going to, for it is full of good things, and the parts between them are also too good to be missed.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.*

Some four years ago, it would seem, the Empress Eugenie granted an interview to an Italian journalist, and broke through the silence she had so long preserved as to her tragic fall from greatness and the even more cruel stroke of fate by which she was robbed of any remaining hope or joy. It was not Sedan, not the establishment of the Third Republic, not even the startlingly sudden decease of Louis Napoleon at Chislehurst which brought her the climax of her afflictions; that came with the news from the Cape announcing the death of her only child, the gallant boy who, it was fondly imagined, might some day restore the fortunes of the dynasty. For nearly a generation after that catastrophe the Empress buried herself in the seclusion of her English home at Farnborough, and save for visits paid her by members of our Royal family, always staunch in their friendship, and her own annual excursions, which by the French Government's courtesy she was able to pay, from the 'nineties onwards, to her Riviera villa at Cap Martin, her history, from the standpoint of the public, remained all that while a blank. But in 1906 she emerged from her retirement, and it was in that year that the interview alluded to took place. "I have lived—I have been," said the Empress, "I do not want to be anything more, not even a memory. . . . I live, but I am no more: a shadow, a phantom, a grief which walks." Questioned about France, she replied, "What should I say? Of what good would it be? I had a dream—a dream which was great for the country which received me as Sovereign. That dream is dead, killed by destiny. And I wanted, and still want, to disappear with it. . . . I have loved France too well not to try with all my strength to forget it." For all that the Empress changed rather considerably her mode of life from this date. Though eighty years old she resumed her intercourse with the outside world. That she took a great interest in the events preceding the marriage of her god-child, Princess Ena of Battenberg, with King Alfonso of Spain, is matter of general knowledge. But the aged Empress did more—she visited her contemporary the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl, she met Kaiser Wilhelm in Norwegian waters, she travelled in turn to Ceylon, to Madrid, and to Killarney. The significance of this change is well indicated by the fact that in a volume which Mr. Edward Legge devotes to describing the career of the Empress Eugenie during the last four decades more space is taken up with her public appearances from 1906 to 1910 than with all the previous twenty-six years. In point of fact there is but very scanty information available about the Empress at all, and it is not the fault of the biographer, though it is a curious if necessary feature of his book that he tells us strikingly little himself about the actual subject of his memoir.

The value of this work, indeed, consists hardly so much in Mr. Legge's own contributions to a study of the Second Empire in exile as in the data which he has collected from other writers and in various documents embodied in the text. Thus, in connection with his heroine, the biographer reprints the vindication of the Empress published by M. Calmette nearly twenty years ago in the *Figaro*. He quotes an account written by Monsignor Goddard, virtually chaplain of the Imperial family at Chislehurst, *apropos* of his first meeting with Her Majesty, and reproduces a series of letters she addressed to correspondents in 1870, soon after her arrival in England, which go to show that the Empress was truly patriotic in that hour of France's eclipse, and was ready to subordinate the interests of the dynasty to those of the unhappy country. There are to be found besides in the book a number of the Prince Imperial's letters to friends, as also his famous prayer, all of which exhibit that heir of misfortune in a very pleasing light. Nor even now have we reached the limit of Mr. Legge's incorporation of outside material. He gives us Louis Napoleon's own story of Sedan, he prints many official statements of doctors and other papers that prove the Emperor's death to have been due to an operation, only half successful, which was undertaken to relieve him from the stone, and he has also got together all the extant and very discordant estimates of His Majesty's character and personality. On the other hand, we have to thank Mr. Legge for some interesting photographs of the Imperial family and for facsimile samples of letters, and we are also indebted to him for certain light which he throws on the tragedy of the Second Empire. Very pathetic, for instance, is the picture he draws of the despair and the bewilderment in which the household at Camden Place was plunged by the Emperor's death. Piquant, again, is his record of the abortive "conspiracies" at Chislehurst and in Brussels, which aimed at a Napoleonic restoration. He has some charming reminiscences of the Prince Imperial and he does a service alike to truth and to the Empress Eugenie by scarifying afresh the legend of her alleged "Memoirs." Anxious though he is to demonstrate the amiable disposition of his heroine, Mr. Legge is careful to avoid even the appearance of partisanship, and it is not on the score of adulation that he can be attacked. Where he does seem to lay himself open to criticism is in the lack of orderliness observable in his arrangement of his matter and in his over-insistence on utterly unimportant detail—thus, the amount of applause the Emperor and Empress received from a set of schoolboys, or the exact costume either wore at some insignificant function. A certain journalistic taint runs through too many of the chapters for which the biographer is wholly responsible. But if he does not always eliminate the trivial he writes with vivacity and enthusiasm, and those are no small virtues.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "The Empress Eugenie, 1870-1910." By Edward Legge. With Illustrations and Facsimile Letters. 6s. net. (Harpers.)

THE BIRTH OF TWO POETS.*

We are acquainted with a gentleman who seems to be intensely serious, but if we could be present when he looks from Greenwich into space, and actually gazes on a star which human eyes have never seen, then surely he must show some ordinary human joy. And if the stars be small? Remember what Abu'l Ala has said:

> "You sing about the smallness of the stars—
> The fault is in your eye, not in the stars."

The difference between this gentleman and us is that he can, by mathematics, know of the existence of his stars before he sees them. We cannot; so much the better. It is jolly to be reading Mr. Goldring's book, for we can never tell if he is going to make us laugh or chuckle, or exult or weep. Here is a verse:

> "Then over the hill,
> While the moon is yet young
> I wander, until
> My beloved has sung,—
> The nightingale lyric with love.
> Then I move
> From the wideness that stretches so far—
> The boundless, disturbing and terrible down,—
> To the warmth of the town
> And the joys of the street and the bar:
> Longing and helpless; afraid,
> Dreaming of love."

* "A Country Lad, and Other Poems." By Douglas Goldring. 1s. net. (The Adelphi Press.)—"Some Thoughts at Eventide." By Chas. F. Parsons. With Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. 5s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Parsons rather handicaps himself by sending out his poems in so beautiful a dress. This binding is a sheer delight and Mr. Greiffenhagen's pictures sheer romance, and does the verse demand such compensations? As we turn the leaves we come across a poem—"To Chloe in Sadness"—which contains an exquisite idea, namely, that the nightingales shall hear the lover's song and sing it on his behalf to his distant lady. It seems to us that it would be a gain if this poem were in rhyme; Mr. Parsons is faithful to blank verse, which is courageous anyhow, and if he will not be so modern, so like Hardy in "The Dynasts," as to end his lines so frequently with prepositions, we shall be more fascinated by the texture of his song. Here is an admirable passage—a man is speaking retrospectively of love:

"My voice awoke the echoes of the deep,
And thoughts I could not grasp flashed through my brain
Like summer lightning on some storm-tossed sea!"

A ROMANTIC EMPIRE.*

We are not disposed to call the empire of Napoleon the Third romantic, and yet we have the Empress Eugenie before us, and we have the great romantic dentist who assisted her to come to England. But it is a period we think of when we think of that unfortunate tame eagle, and the podgy figure of Napoleon is like a shadow over France. It happens that the present writer is acquainted with a venerable Breton countess who was at the State inauguration of the Suez Canal; she was a maid-of-honour to the Empress, while her father—to the sorrow of the royalists—accepted the remuneration of a senator. This lady has her long, romantic stories of Napoleon. He was not merely Emperor. But if he had been absolutely dull, and if his epoch had been duller, it is certain that, with Mr. Stacpoole as historian, we never would suspect it. When his turn comes—for it is a pleasant fancy that we all of us shall have to answer some day for our books—when Mr. Stacpoole is invited to declare in which category he falls, he may quite well reply that such a task is far beyond him. "What!" echoing Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, "what!" he will say, "have I then written volumes of romance? And when I said 'Good morning,' tell me—was that romance?" . . . It was, and for a reason similar to that one of Montaigne—"Because you are you, and I am I"—and Mr. Stacpoole, as we know, is a romantic. How can we forget "Pierrot!" and that other book so exquisite, "Death, the Knight and the Lady"? These came before he started on his literary travels, when "The Blue Lagoon" was undiscovered in the far Marquesas.

With the drums of war we have not very much concern, although the Franco-Irish hero of this novel has a series of escapes that we should never have believed in, if we had not Mr. Stacpoole's word for it. They crowd upon each other in a fashion that is highly dangerous, because a person who escapes so frequently is apt to exercise, in future, not sufficient care and prudence, more especially when you remark that he is a person so delightful that some thousands of discriminating readers are in agony. But there it is. Regarded from the literary point of view—and there are some of us who gather flowers on a grave at midnight—there is Chapter VIII., in which a band of wandering musicians play.

"Then the music struck up—a gay, dashing tune, vivid as a spring landscape with the daffodils dancing in the wind; the high tremulous notes of a piccolo hovering over the music of the strings, as a skylark hovers in the air. . . . I hopped out of bed, and made for the door. I had opened it, when the thought came to me that Joubert [the gruff, old, kindly soldier-servant] might come back to the room, as he sometimes did, to see if I were asleep; so I ran to the bed and propped the pillow under the bedclothes."

When the lad returned, the handle of a knife was in the pillow. All that chapter is constructed in most cunning fashion—where the child looks down and sees the guests, and where the hunting-song is raised—"Gay, ghostly, beautiful, the music swept one along with it"—and where the child, come back to bed, repeats a verse of this good song:

"Hark! amidst the bracken green
Bells the buck, whose vigil keeps
Danger from the hind unseen,
Danger from the fawn that sleeps."

One is indeed carried away, as the child was by that music; and we do not stop before we reach the rose-garden of Saluce, which has the fragrance and something more of the rose-garden of Sadi. "Age has not touched her sight," we read, "yet she is blind—for she is the only person in the world who cannot see that my hands are tremulous, and that my hair is grey." . . . And when the writer of this book is summoned to that last assize he will be treated very tenderly by fair Romance, and she will gaze on him with gratitude.

H. B.

* "The Drums of War." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Murray.)

THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF GREAT VICTORIA.*

The historians copy one another—it is the regular plan. New facts, new ideas, only annoy the reader, who expects to have the old, old taradiddles trotted out. . . . If you try to instruct and enlighten people, you will only offend them, and they will cry out that you have wounded them in their beliefs. So Anatole tells us . . . not without truth. Mr. Hugh Walker has evaded such criticism, for he has struck out paths of his own, he has mapped out large territories for the first time, and the amount of ground he has covered in this first survey of Victorian literature is perfectly amazing. At a moderate computation this book must represent the reading of half a lifetime and the diligence of another Professor Morley. One hardly knows which to admire most, the energy which fills over a thousand pages with personal comment upon the literature and literary biography of the last seventy years, or the lassitude with which the organisation, the ordonnance of the book seems to have been undertaken. The Table of Contents is condensed into half a sheet of note-paper. The chapter headings are distractingly inadequate. There are no page headings. Has Mr. Walker never heard of the maxim *Divide et Impera*. To make people submit to such an enormous yoke of instructive information as is contained in these 1,053 pages (not including the index) it is indispensable that the superscription should be varied, and the chapter heading varied as often as may be consistent with a reasonable plan of scientific exposition.

Mr. Walker is not pre-eminently a critic of the personal, individual and originating order, who tells us how he feels in regard to the great accredited masterpieces. He tells us how Victorian Letters look from the inside. He is not able to get outside and tell us how the period impresses a new-comer. What were the besetting sins of its acknowledged masters? Why does so much of their sentiment and of their "high art" ring so hollow? Mr. Walker has not the creative touch in criticism. He is not an advocate who adorns his theme with flowery and felicitous epithets; nor is he a literary theorist. But he is an untiring reader. He reads the books of the Victorian period. Then he reads the books about them and the criticisms that were levelled at them when the books originally appeared. And then he reads the books again and gives us the result with a fair and judicial mind. For he is in the main an excellently fair and incorruptible

* "The Literature of the Victorian Era." By Hugh Walker, LL.D. 10s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Professor Hugh Walker.

judge. And so, as we should expect, his book is less striking when it is concerned with the great poets and thinkers, about whom the critics and literary historians have already had their say and thus macadamised the road for future opinion, than when he is dealing with the smaller men, the critics, biographers, historians, novelists, and miscellaneous writers of the last forty years, who have not received the honour of canonisation in any shape or form. He makes excellent use of his space; the great figures are in no way cramped, while ample room, as a general rule, is afforded to the secondary figures, and the accumulation of sure information and sound inference upon the lesser folk, as the parade continues, produces in the end an almost overwhelming sense of the author's painstaking omniscience over three generations of his country's men of letters. The verdicts, too, are agreeably suggestive of space and leisure. There are a few consecrated errors and a few omissions; but very, very few. The author is strictly conventional on Carlyle, and singularly unilluminating in dealing with the novels of Disraeli, the literary merit of which he curiously ignores. It is absurd to describe "Cranford" as on a wholly different plane from Mrs. Gaskell's other works, and to compare William Watson with Matthew Arnold. Surtees is not valued exclusively for the plates; it is a mistake to describe "Lord Ormont" as unreadable, or Gardiner as the incarnation of historical fairness. Scant justice is meted out to J. M. Kemble, who did some of the hardest work to which a native historian has ever submitted. Failure to discover Charles Waterton's name among the naturalists suggests a serious omission. Nor should we have grudged a few lines, as the author appears to have done, to Elwin, Ainger, Hindes Groome, or Mary Frere. The space devoted to light occasional verse and to children's books seems disproportionately short. But it is the author's thoroughness that oftener leaves us mourning. He puts the average literary compiler so completely to shame. Few works that we have ever perused can be so justly characterised as conscientious. Of those rapid generalisations, so common where the canvas is as vast as this, based upon two facts and a theory, it would be hard to find a trace.

Whether Dr. Walker is comparing the respective merits of "Robert Falconer" and "David Elginbrod," or of W. R. Greg and Sir Arthur Helps, you may be sure that he has been there and explored the ground for this express purpose. His judgment in weighing the merits of Kinglake and Napier is a masterly piece of summary. Few critics have appreciated Kinglake so accurately. On Scott he is excellent; so, too, on Jowett, on Mrs. Oliphant, and on Macaulay's "Lays." As a book of reference it is comprehensiveness itself. The author seems to have regarded it primarily in this light, if we may judge by his lack of divisions and concentration upon the Index. And yet, how much will be lost by those who lack the intrepidity or the persistence to tackle the book in bulk! Elevated above the general level of sagacity and level-headed accumulation are not a few passages rising to real eloquence, happy phrases, neat pieces of execution, clinching summaries.

"Had he [Arnold] been able to rise to 'the highth of his great argument,' 'The Light of Asia' would have been one of the great poems of the world. Nowhere is there grander material for the great imagination; perhaps it is not too much to say that nowhere is there material so grand. It is a 'Paradise Regained' in all its first freshness, not threadbare with attrition. But what a difference between the Miltonic treatment and the Arnoldian! 'Paradise Regained,' iron in its strength; 'The Light of Asia,' fanciful rather than imaginative, fluent rather than strong, pretty rather than beautiful, plausible rather than convincing. It glides like a rivulet where it should rush like a torrent."

There is some valour of diction here. Or take a more representative, yet quite interesting passage:

"The picture of the boys [in 'Feverel'], their friendship, their quarrel, their encounter with Farmer Blaize and its sequel, is no less masterly, as a sketch, than Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are as finished portraits. The agony of Richard and Ripton under Adrian's scalpel, and their ludicrous but, to them, desperately serious stratagems, show an insight into boy-nature probably unequalled except by the American writer."

A very just comparison—though it is perhaps the first time that Meredith has been likened to Mark Twain. *Ambo maxime deflendi!*

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

CORPORAL SAM. By "Q." (A. T. Quiller Couch). 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Readers of Sir A. Quiller Couch know well what manner of entertainment to expect from him by this time, and in "Corporal Sam" and its companion stories they may make sure of getting what they want in abundant measure, measure pressed down and flowing over. The one weak spot of the book is the last story it contains, a trifle entitled "Mutual Exchange, Limited," which might have been omitted with little loss to its attractiveness. It is not particularly interesting, and it propounds a sort of psychological riddle whch nobody would be much wiser for having solved, as to why two men who happened to find themselves together in the waves of the Atlantic should therefore effect a temporary exchange of personalities. It is an attempt at comic grimness which misses fire. The rest of the stories, which alternate between gaiety and gravity, are excellent, especially the eponymous one of "Corporal Sam," which starts on a high note of excitement cleverly maintained and augmented during its entire course. It is a bit of psychology of great power, and granting the conditions in which the story is worked out, of a very convincing verisimilitude. Without being at all like any particular story we owe to Mr. Rudyard

Kipling, or conveying any hint of a resemblance to that writer's verbal style, it is a story which he might have written, and certainly would have written had its theme ever happened to occur to him. Excellent, too, are "Red Velvet" and "The Copernican Convoy." In lighter vein Sir A. Quiller Couch has done few things better than "The Jew on the Moor," "The Mayor's Dovecot," and "News from Troy." "Doctor Unonious" is a marked success: almost to its last line it holds its reader in delightful doubt as to whether its outcome will be comedy or tragedy.

A MODERN CHRONICLE. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Winston Churchill has done nothing better than "A Modern Chronicle," nothing finer in observation, nothing more admirable in style. Its one nameable fault is that which Emile Zola hinted tenderly regarding Alphonse Daudet's "Jack" when it was first put into his hands—"Un peu trop de papier, mon fils?" It is a little prolix here and there, though never so to the verge of wearisomeness, and its readers will no doubt often turn to the passages which retard the progress of the story from pure delight in the quiet beauty of their verbal form. "A Modern Chronicle" is the story of the development of a woman's heart and brain, and a very live woman she is, and one, moreover, markedly American, and perhaps in her totality unproducible by any other community. The book reminds one rather of "Vanity Fair," inasmuch as the outcome of Honora's experiences, her brief happinesses and long periods of stress and suffering result in making clear to her the infinite value of a neglected affection which, had she recognised and rewarded it earlier, would have guarded her against all the troubles with which, up to the age of thirty, her life is filled. But Amelia Sedley made only one mistake, Honora Leffingwell makes two. Both the temperaments which temporarily dazzle her are superbly indicated. The first is Howard Spence, a rising light of Wall Street, physically, mentally, and—in the swampy jungle of American finance—morally efficient to the finger-tips; not a bad fellow in his way, but without a nerve in his body or a gleam of insight or imagination in his soul. She spells his character with growing rapidity, at last reads it clearly, and recoils from the prospect of such a life-companionship. Her second venture is Hugh Chiltern, a man of another and possibly of a higher stamp, a modern Viking, with great courage, great capacity of passion, and that streak of ingrained cruelty which is so often the counterbalance to the ruder virtues. Of him she is relieved by death before the disillusion which the reader feels is surely coming is much more than a dim presentiment, and Peter Erwin, tender, true, quaintly humorous, strong in patience and in his unwavering belief in Honora's higher nature, comes to his long-deferred happiness at last.

THE DUPLICATE DEATH. By A. C. Fox-Davies. 6s. (John Long.)

Could an unworldly peer, however absent-minded, marry a music-hall dancer under the impression that it was her sister? Granted this, Mr. Fox-Davies will spin you a mystifying tale of murder and impersonation. But some prosaic persons will find the plot, as Huckleberry Finn found the statements of the "Pilgrim's Progress," "interesting but tough." However, a story is a story, and the author, once started, catches the reader by getting a respectable firm of London solicitors into sore trouble over the will of one of the partners. There are several women in the book, but hardly any love-making. It is something of a triumph to dispense with the latter, even in a semi-detective novel, and yet to keep the reader's attention on the *qui vive*. Mr. Fox-Davies has creditably succeeded in doing this. He can even afford to kill the two most beautiful women among his characters quite early in the book. The mystery of their death forms a large part of the plot, and while the forces which straighten out the problems make short work of probabilities, they are most ingeniously constructed.

A HUSBAND BY PROXY. By Jack Steele. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Another of the Sherlock Holmes brood! Mr. Jerold Garrison, an expert criminologist, is invited, and agrees, to pose temporarily as the husband of an attractive young client. This mystery opens out into a series of rich complications, in the course of which the lady's relatives are discovered to be mixed up in a murder which Mr. Garrison has also to investigate on behalf of an insurance company. Kidnapping, assault, and a poisoned cigar are among the details which enliven the subsequent proceedings. Mr. Steele, to do him justice, keeps the ball in motion to the very end. He is too clever to make his hero absolutely a match for all the villains of the piece, and the result is a story of modern crime which is decidedly readable.

AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is good to meet the Gadfly again. He turns up, as Felix Rivarez, to act as guide and interpreter to a French scientific expedition in South America. Most of the members became his devoted friends, especially René de Marteurelle, who introduces him, on their return, to his crippled sister, Marguerite. A sunnier prospect now seems to be opening for the Gadfly. But his incurable suspiciousness prevents him from responding to Marguerite's proffer of affection, and the story passes from misinterpretation to tragedy. Mrs. Voynich has inserted some fine verses in her story. One of these, supposed to have been written by poor Rivarez, sums up the melancholy of his fate:

> "Out of a land of drifting, wounded things
> I come, to beat against a human breast,
> That human love may heal my broken wings
> And human understanding give me rest.
> Ah! they are dear and warm, the souls of men;
> And yet they hunt me back to my cold land."

In reality, it is Rivarez who exiles himself; suspiciousness has been so wrought into the fibre of his soul, by the bitter experiences of his earlier life, that he breaks the very friendship which René and Marguerite are trying to offer him. The book is a wonderful study of temperament as affected by suffering; both Rivarez and Marguerite illustrate this in different ways, and Marchand, the French doctor, forms a companion study in the blighting effects of treachery upon an unsuspecting soul. The minor characters of the book are full of variety; so are the scenes in René's house and the episodes of the expedition. These help to relieve the sombre plot. But, for all its sombreness, the novel is strong and vital; it stands out from the common rank of novels by its sheer incisiveness and brilliance of conception.

I WILL MAINTAIN. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Methuen.)

By discarding in her latest work many of the traditions, and chiefly the well-worn love *motif*, in which the so-called historical novel has cabined and confined itself, Miss Marjorie Bowen has taken place in the small band of liberators led by Stevenson, and incidentally once more demonstrated her sense of artistic justice. It must have been tempting, it would have been so easy, to trace the workings of some feminine influence upon a character so apparently unromantic and Puritan as the young Prince of Orange, round whom the story centres. And again to substitute a sectarian faith for the more pleasing "love-interest" would have a narrowing, not to say

depressing, effect on the work of most novelists. But Miss Bowen plays the game; and it is no small tribute to her critical good sense as well as to her pictorial powers that the reader follows without impatience the love-lacking Calvinistic tendencies of her central figures. "I Will Maintain" is the motto of the House of Orange. In the eyes of a young member of that House, known after as William of Orange, there are many things to be maintained—the pride of his house, his own honour and religious faith, and the prosperity that is set apart for his country; all these he maintains successfully, triumphing first over the opposition of his guardian John de Witt, who would make of him "a good republican," and finally over the enemies of his country, the kings of England and France. For the skill and true sense of proportion with which Miss Bowen handles her characters, we have nothing but praise. While even the subsidiary figures, who are rightly treated as mere members of a pageant—Buckingham, Louis XIV., M. de Turenne, Prince James of Monmouth—become indelibly impressed upon our memory, the centre-pieces, John de Witt and William of Orange, are painted with such a nice discernment that our sympathies are enlisted for both.

JUDAS ISCARIOT. By L. N. Andréyev. 5s. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

This is a curious volume, strongly marked by that indefinable mingling of puerility and power so strangely characteristic of much recent Russian fiction. A good deal of the longest of the three stories, which gives its name to the book as a whole, is almost pedantically childish, and might have been either compressed or omitted altogether with benefit to the artistic quality of the book. All the same, interest is never entirely submerged, and the end of the story is so simple and so powerful that it will probably suffice to banish from the mind of the average uncritical reader the sensation, half of lassitude and half of irritation, provoked by a good many of the opening pages. What the story ultimately means, what, in the old and abandoned critical formula, it goes to "prove," remains a mystery, and was not improbably meant by its author as a mystification. Much the same may be said of the other two stories which complete the volume. "Ben Tobit" is a grim little cameo. It leaves a sense of reality on the mind of the reader, also perhaps a slight doubt as to whether it was worth doing, clever as it is. The gem of the book is certainly the last story, "Eleazar," in which the writer, in an unconsciousness of his temerity apparently shared by the translator, who prefaces the volume by a brief critical notice, throws a challenge to so great an artist and thinker as Robert Browning. "Eleazar" is identical with Lazarus, and the story deals with the impression produced by the *revenant* on those who meet him after his terrible but unrecorded experience of the Beyond. Most readers will prefer Browning's conception, which has vastly more of reverence and human tenderness, but it is not to be denied that "Eleazar" is a fine and powerful bit of work in its own uncanny style.

NIGHTSHADE. By Paul Gwynne. 6s. (Constable.)

Prefaces and Introductory Notes to a novel are an abomination. The redeeming feature of Mr. Gwynne's opening explanation is its first sentence: "It may be a matter of opinion, but my own feeling is that there is no place for physics in the body of a romance." Mr. Gwynne's feeling, unluckily, has not controlled his practice, for this novel is full, especially towards the end, of weird fantasy wrought up from the phenomenon of electro-magnetism or something of the kind. Meisterlimmer, the Mephistopheles of the piece, is a diabolic Haarlem servant with a lamp which is asserted to restore sight partially to a blind violinist who plays in the orchestra of a Paris theatre. Pablo, the musician, is in love with Francisca, an actress. Her young sister, Carmen, comes to stay with her, and

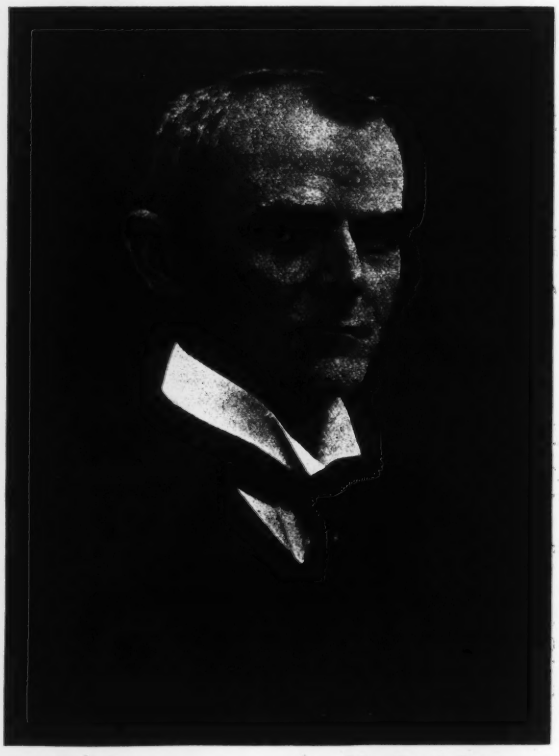


Photo by Parkers **Mr. Paul Gwynne.**

Pablo is cleverly but cruelly allowed to court the latter as if she were Francisca, and at the same time to meet the latter as if she were the only woman in the case. Francisca eventually dies. Carmen returns to Seville and enters a nunnery. But Meisterlimmer, who has annexed Pablo for his own ends, raises a mob; the nunnery is sacked, and finally Pablo and Carmen fall into one another's arms, while the demoniac Meisterlimmer vanishes at the breaking of his Nightshade or Magic Lamp. There is so much careful and even admirable writing in the book that one is sorry Mr. Gwynne has spoiled it by the gratuitous infusion of the occult. Apart from the unspeakable Meisterlimmer, the characters are thoroughly alive; there is a deft and pathetic study of a French *gamin*, the two sisters are drawn with more than usual ability, and Pablo himself is a first-rate study of the unworldly musician awakening to the possibilities of human passion. Mr. Gwynne's novels all possess a certain quality of distinction. "Nightshade" more than once reminds the reader of "Marta" at its best.

STORM AND TREASURE. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. H. C. Bailey has chosen the revolt of La Vendée for the scene of his new book, and with a young French Vicomte recalled from England to stand by his people for hero, two good Frenchwomen for heroines, and Mr. Jerry Wild, engaged in Pitt's secret service, for general utility man, we get, as the result, an extremely interesting story. But that is to rank "Storm and Treasure" at less than its worth, for the book is quite exceptionally good all round; good historically and good in its men and women. The Vicomte de Jan, caring nothing for the old order in France, and little for the Revolution, and without any illusions as to the character of the Vendeans, plays the man throughout with a coolness and humanity entirely admirable. No less admirable in their way are Mlle. Barsac, with her passionate hatred of the Revolution, and the clever and devoted Lucille. As for the indefatigable Mr. Wild he is really great. No attempt is made to gloss over the general bloodthirstiness of the Vendeans, or of the republican citizens of Nantes, but Mr. Bailey is too serious an artist

to dwell on horrors, and too honest a historian to take sides. His portraits of Carrier, Durand, and Hoche are excellent. "Storm and Treasure" deserves to be read, and read more than once; and what higher praise can be given to a novel?

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Oppenheim is an exasperating author. Up to the third last page you are morally certain who the villain is, and then the secret is out, and you realise the writer has outwitted you cleverly. The period of the novel is modern. The prince is a Japanese. Two murders, told in Mr. Oppenheim's best style, open the book. Suspicion falls on a certain individual. Americans, English, politicians, and a bright young girl are all involved in the tangle, which is worked out upon sensational lines. Mr. Oppenheim has given unusual care to his study of the central figures in the story, Prince Maiyo and Penelope Morse; the former especially is drawn with a subtlety which one hardly expects in a tale of this kind, but it is not a subtlety which is allowed to interfere with the effectiveness or action of the story. Ingenuity is a note of all the author's tales, and, together with the quality just noticed, it makes "The Illustrious Prince" one of the most attractive of its class this season.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BURNING BUSH. By M. Little. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Whoever M. Little may be, for it is a name that is new to us, he or probably she has every reason to feel thoroughly satisfied with having produced a novel that is so careful, strong, tender, and above all so much a work of art. One is informed on the cover-slip that the story concerns itself with the theological and other problems that group themselves about the lives of three young ministers of the Scottish Church—not a summary that has any universal allure. Ian Mackenzie, Walter de Stuynier, and Lewis Pink are Divinity students living together in cheap lodgings, boys merely, with a lately developed taste for beer, tobacco, and, in Mackenzie's case, third-rate music-halls. Walt is a poet and dreamer, a little weak, but unquestionably the most brilliant of the trio. Mackenzie is human, lovable, and concerned about his fitness for entering the ministry. Pink is a sickly, plodding, disagreeable youth of insignificant antecedents, with the narrow soul of his forbears. All three enter the Church together, but not before Mackenzie has entangled himself with the landlady's pretty daughter, Lorinda Ames, and married her out of hand. From this point the three careers diverge. Walt somehow fails to obtain the preferment himself and his friends regard as due to his abilities, Pink schemes and plods to a position of respectable mediocrity, and Mackenzie, a little to the surprise of his friends, is appointed to one important Church after another. De Stuynier makes a mess of his life and passes out of the story, a tragic broken figure. Mackenzie at last meets his affinity, gives her up bravely, and goes on making Lorinda happy. Of other people in the story, the de Stuynier girls and the rest, some find joy and some sorrow. The book indeed abounds in character-sketches of the finest order. Out of the material of the prosaic twentieth-century Scottish life the author has fashioned a vital romance which yet remains an intimate and lucid exposition of half the social problems of our day.

DRIFTING THISTLEDOWN. By Mrs. P. A. Barnett and Another. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Mrs. Barnett is one of the chosen few who can tell a story in the form of letters yet without sin. She derives no unfair advantage from the nature of her plot. A triple change, within a few weeks, of what physicists would call the point of incidence of love rouses a certain prejudice against the heroine: still, in spite of his better judgment the reader is led to like, and almost to admire, the fickle Elvire. But the author's crowning triumph is that she is able to make us read the letters as letters. We feel that we are dealing with compositions that have been penned by human beings with real red blood in their veins, and that they have come through an actual post-office by the help of a valid stamp. Any fault that one may be inclined to find in the letters is there just because they are letters, and not artful counterfeits. Even when we come across what are obvious extracts from a diary, we feel that we have no cause of complaint, for experience has made us familiar with just such extracts from letters in real life—without, alas! the brilliancy that marks Mrs. Barnett's selections. Even her digressions are not without a more or less clear bearing on the general line of argument. Readers will have no difficulty in seeing the application to the story of such a sentence as: "Most women have no objection to men doing the rough work of the world for them, and they know that the one who sits on the box-seat and holds the reins is in quite as influential a position, really, as the one between the shafts." This "really" is quite in Mrs. Barnett's characteristic vein, when she is left free to be as clever as is natural to her; though she earns our respect by the self-command that restrains her from being brilliant all the time. The book is permeated by delicate literary suggestion, but in different degrees as befits the various correspondents. Whether the scene be in England, on shipboard, or in South Africa the reader feels that he is at home and among nice people. If he is a man he will be inclined to shake his head over Elvire most of the way through the book, but at the end he will be as eager as the others to send his congratulations to Templeton along with the hall-marked articles to Templeton's bride.

The Bookman's Table.

THE SINGING CARAVAN: SOME ECHOES OF ARABIAN POETRY. By Henry Baerlein. 2s. net. "Wisdom of the East" Series. (John Murray.)

If you remember how poor Nat Lee complained that poets here had to "starve out threescore years in hopes of bays," and went on to urge those who had male issue born under the starving sign of Capricorn to prevent the malice of their stars in time, and warn them early from the sin of rhyme, or if the warning failed, to have recourse to the parish whip and the beadle to reduce them to reason; you will be somewhat comforted, perhaps, to learn that they manage these things better in Arabia. In Arabia, as Mr. Baerlein tells you in this scholarly and interesting history of Arabian poetry, "when a tribe discovered that a poet had been born to them it would be but a little time before the news had gone abroad, so that the neighbours came to wish them joy. Mutton and the milk of ewes would be prepared, grasshoppers and also locusts that are caught in early morning when their wings are damp with dew. . . . Then would the house of cloth resound with music and congratulation, for the poet was a weapon against man and time." This is certainly as it should be, from the point of view of comfort, but when it comes to a question of which system has produced the greater results——? His admirable translation of the poems of Abu'l-Ala showed Mr. Baerlein not only as a student and sympathetic interpreter of Arabian poetry, but as himself a poet; apart from some quotations from Abu'l-Ala, he gives very few examples from other Arab poets in the present volume, his purpose here being but to tell the story of the rise and progress of poetry in Arabia from pre-Islamic times to the later years when Islam, "in a sullen mood," was driven to demonstrating its power "by the destruction of such things as poetry, because they hang like pictures on the wall, and mitigate the grand austerity," a purpose which he ably and amply fulfils in this valuable study of a fascinating subject.

Ruskin's House at Herne Hill.
From "Ruskin and his Circle," by Ada Earland. (Hutchinson.)

RUSKIN AND HIS CIRCLE. By Ada Earland. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

This is frankly a book for the general reader, and a very well-written and thoroughly interesting book he will find it. Miss Earland has gone to many and various sources, and gathering information from this, that, and the other, has carefully and skilfully arranged it, and written it into a bright, informal biography that gives as vivid and as true a full-length portrait of Ruskin, with his greatness, his inconsistencies, his littlenesses all thick upon him, as any writer has yet succeeded in painting. She does not follow so many biographers in slurring over his married life, but tells the whole story of it, simply and clearly; there were faults on both sides, in that unhappy business, but the whole truth leaves no room for anything but sympathy and respect for both. Ruskin's circle of friends and acquaintances was a large and a brilliant one, and the sketching in of the chief personalities among these, and the tracing of their influences on him and his upon them, adds greatly to the value and the charm of the volume. Miss Earland has an easy and attractive narrative style, and has handled her material with marked ability. The book is illustrated with some eighteen portraits, and with sketches of Ruskin's homes at Herne Hill and Brantwood.

THE WORKS OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING IN PROSE AND VERSE. Edited with Introduction and Notes by A. Hamilton Thompson. 6s. (Routledge.)

"The Works of Sir John Suckling in Prose and Verse" include some dozens of short lyrical and satirical pieces, four plays, two short collections of letters, and a prose "Account of Religion by Reason." These are the contents of two volumes of remains published in 1646 and 1658, *i.e.* four years and sixteen years after Suckling's early death. To these are added a biographical, bibliographical, and critical introduction by Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson; some notes, and a long political letter, already printed by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, in an Appendix. Mr. Thompson has done his work in a decent and intelligent manner, but without enthusiasm. His notes are more than might have been expected, and yet they leave many things unsettled. With good fortune a scholar might make an attractive study of Suckling as poet and man, but without it there is little opportunity. It is a pity that the whole of Aubrey's "brief life" could not have been reproduced in the very brief introduction. It contains almost all that is known of Suckling—in fact, rather more; and it produces a very clear and brilliant impression. The greater part of this volume of four hundred pages will not be read. The plays are neither good nor interesting, though "Aglaura" contains "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" and "The Sad One," the song to a lute, "Hast thou seen the dawn i' th' air?" imitating Ben Jonson's loveliest lyric. Most of the poems are interesting only to those who happen to be unusually curious about Suckling as a man. They present some alluring contrasts of passion and cynicism. The letters will nourish any such curiosity, but it is not likely to be gratified by the explanations and conjectures which the editor has been able to give, as these reveal neither the dates nor the recipients even of the most important. As prose, some of these letters are preferable to most of the poems, as verse. It will be a long time before Suckling is edited again. When he is, we hope that he will fall into the hands of an enthusiast. The only positive fault of this edition, however, is the practice of printing one short poem immediately after another, without any heading where it lacks an authoritative title. This makes a crowded, unlovely page.

SOUTH AFRICAN SNAPSHOTS FOR ENGLISH GIRLS. By Eleanor Tyrrell. 3s. 6d. (Gay & Hancock, Ltd.)

It is difficult to cram into the small space at command anything more than a brief summary of the aims and achievements of this charming book—a book which has the *imprimatur* of the chairman of the Education Committee of the South African Colonisation Society, who adds an Introductory Note to the author's own admirable "Foreword." The opening paragraph of that Foreword touches a truth which, if obvious, is too often forgotten: "To adapt oneself readily to the impossible, or what seems to be the impossible, is, in a new country, the keynote of—shall I say of success, or of the joy of living?" First-hand experience of new life in beautiful outlying regions of the Empire must always be valuable, but when, as in Miss Tyrrell's case, the essential womanliness and common sense of the writer, her sane enthusiasm and shrewd judgments are combined with the unmistakable gift of the born artist, then indeed is their power enhanced to an almost unlimited degree. Many of these pages brim with movement and with colour; to which the gift of humour is here and there a delightful addition. Splendour of beauty in the tropical wilds; wealth, refinement, and civilisation in the new cities—Miss Tyrrell makes us realise both extremes with almost startling vividness. The chapters on the Zulu War have an Erckmann-Chatrian simplicity and are proportionately successful in the making of history. But for the purpose to which the book is directed, those on "South Africa as a Tourist's Land" and "The Life of a Governess Up-country" are perhaps the most useful of all. The author is to be congratulated on her forcible unaffected style and convincing directness. "After nearly half a century's experience"—we quote here from the Introductory Note—"Miss Tyrrell is firm in her conviction that this is the country to which, 'when hearts are eager, spirits high, and hopes are rose-colour,' young Englishwomen should aspire to go."

MUSICAL ENGLAND. By William Johnson Galloway. 3s. 6d. net. (Christophers.)

It is necessary, after reading the title of Mr. Galloway's book, to seek his introductory remarks for a clue as to which of two possible meanings he intends it to bear. He apparently desires it to be taken as an implication that this country, as a whole, has such widespread interest

in the art as now merits the designation "musical." He prefaces his argument with such a quantity of detailed evidence as to furnish in itself a most valuable survey of recent musical activities. But can the country that is addicted to the ballad-concert, that has nourished for a decade in its bosom the "art" form known as musical comedy, be justly termed "musical"? Certainly much remains to be done in educating public taste. The author himself admits that he started out with another object in view, namely, the advocacy of State support for opera, but, realising that public appreciation of opera postulated public appreciation of music as a whole, he determined to show "how readily the great majority of the people respond to the opportunities provided." He will earn the gratitude of all those who have the welfare of music at heart by his insistence on the value of the educational work of our schools of music. From this, as a starting-point, he covers many fields of musical enterprise—municipal and army and navy music, festivals, concerts, musical societies, and, working to a climax, the competitive movement and opera—and winds up with a strong appeal for State control and support for music on a scale proportionate to those already granted in the case of a sister art—painting. All this is couched in the detailed language of the politician, language which will, perhaps, convey more to the departmental committee of the Board of Education whose formation he suggests than to the general public, but in doing so it will have achieved its purpose.

THE WOMEN NAPOLEON LOVED. By Tighe Hopkins. 15s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. Hopkins is a lively and assiduous writer, and his latest book of memoirs is among his most readable works.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins.
(Taken in the garden of the late Onslow Ford, R.A., by Mr. Frederic Whyte.)

This book, the author informs us, is the first in English to deal solely with the relations of Napoleon with women generally, but otherwise it has, to tell the truth, few claims to originality. However, it is not by any means lacking in variety, for the heroines honoured by the Emperor's attentions were distinctly numerous—very numerous indeed when Napoleon's other activities are taken into account. Naturally a large section is devoted to Josephine, whose story Mr. Hopkins treats with insight and sympathy, but Marie Louise, the Emperor's second wife, is dismissed in what is probably the least satisfactory chapter in the book, for the author seems to have as little appreciation of her as any true-blooded Frenchman. Upon the whole, however, the other ladies come off remarkably well; and the chapters upon Mlle. George and the Countess Walewska are vivid pieces of portraiture. As usual Mr. Hopkins writes with spirit and fluency, but in places the reader cannot help noticing a certain striving after effect. Nevertheless, the book is bright, gossipy, and readable, which is surely only another way of spelling popularity.

PRIVATEERS AND PRIVATEERING. By Commander E. P. Statham, R.N. With 8 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Of all the subjects that are fascinating both to the general reader and to the general scribe there is probably not one that is more so than the business of the old-time pirate. Not that Commander Statham treats of pirates proper. But between his numerous heroes and the "Dead-eye Dicks" of the black flag and its gruesome "quarterings" the average reader will see but little difference. In place of sea outlaws who always preyed on all vessels that were weaker than themselves, with plenty of bloodshed, some plank-walking, and now and then the variety of feminine influence, we have here the rearranged records of men who, individually, did much the same thing on the craft of one nation only. As the Commander takes pains to show, the privateer was a vessel of war fitted out generally by a body of men in one port and solely for the purpose of preying on some particular nation's merchant-men; the whole of the venturers taking their agreed shares in the proceeds. On the other hand, the holder of a letter of marque was a man whose sovereign had commissioned him to make reprisals on a given country's craft, in return for some personal loss that he had suffered at their hands, he alone profiting or losing further by his attacks. As may be inferred, however, real piracy was often committed under both these guises of authorized piracy. But to show this was not Commander Statham's purpose; hence his collection of retold tales shows only the better side of the subject, although he does admit that actual piracy was done under these forms of reprisal. On many points he disagrees with former writers, to which divergence of opinion he was quite entitled; but it was due both to his readers and to those earlier workers in the same field that he should have given references wherever he has contradicted the latter. Instead of this, there is a rather jarring finality of statement in his tone; probably this was unmeant. He must have done a large amount of research work amongst musty records for the purpose of his book; of which these many contradictions can only be taken as a proof. As to the arrangement of his oft-told tales and his manner of telling them, although he might have given us more variety, there is no need to go out of one's way to offer him a large meed of praise on his sailor-like recital—it is direct and plain without being too simple; it rattles along like a fine craft under a smart breeze in smooth water; it carries with it a right suggestion of running-gear, sloping decks, and heaving waters (so different from the landsman's jumble of acquired nautical terms); and incidentally it conveys much information.

Notes on New Books.

MR. ANDREW MELROSE.

Roosevelt: the Man (1s. net) is the title of a popular account of the principal incidents in the life of the ex-President of the United States, together with a summary of the main aspects of his character. Mr. W. Holt-White, the author, has caught some of the vigour of his hero, and his little book is at once readable, straightforward, and hard-hitting.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

An amusing book with plenty of good stories in it has been written by Mrs. George Wemyss and called **The Professional Aunt** (5s.) "Zerlina says it is the duty of one woman in every family to be an aunt." And when Zerlina finds a sister-in-law eminently fitted for the position, she exacts the utmost. This discursive and diverting book is told from the aunt's point of view, and her nephews and nieces are worth meeting. Occasionally there is the trail of the note-book over a chapter, and the anecdotes are dove-tailed with scarcely sufficient skill; but the volume is an excellent whole, and we find ourselves quite relieved to know that the "professional aunt" is to have a happy love affair of her own—she deserves it.

MESSRS. G. G. HARRAP & CO.

Miss Sarah Cone Bryant has written a book about **How to Tell Stories to Children** (2s. 6d. net), and has included in it a generous supply of stories to tell. In her first chapter she deals with the purpose, the advantages of story-telling, both to the children and to the one who tells the story. Practice and a critical young audience are great helps towards perfection in story-telling; but this volume will save from many a pitfall by its wise words in the matters of selection, condensation, or amplification. It is a charming and a useful book, and will fill a want in the house where the normal young human is given a place.

MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK.

Two further helpful volumes have been issued in the "Masterpieces in Colour" Series, edited by T. Leman Hare. These are **Lawrence**, by S. L. Bensusan, and **Dürer**, by Herbert E. A. Furst (1s. 6d. net each). Each volume, besides giving a lucid biography of the painter and critical account of his work, is decorated with eight reproductions in colour of famous pictures. This inexpensive series of carefully written art-books is worthy of high praise.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

It seems most fitting that the Countess of Cromartie, who has in the past shown us how thoroughly she is imbued with the charm and glamour of the Celt stories, should render into English the romance of **Sword-of-the-Crowns** (3s. 6d.). To us this "Arab novel of cape and sword" comes as a miniature and Oriental "Morte d'Arthur," and it holds within its short scope a glowing wealth of adventure; of fight and victory, of fairy, princess, and magician; of armies and kings, and fabulous deeds. The style is vigorous and at the same time full of poetry, a romance for man, woman, and child, concise and fierce, yet glamorous and picturesque. Mr. Baerlein contributes a most interesting Introduction, giving a sufficiency of explanation and the key-note to the tales which follow.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON, LTD.

The effect of golf-talk upon the uninitiated was pleasantly depicted in a recent number of *Punch*, where the victim of a railway-carriage persecution at the hands, or rather by the tongues, of a crowd of golfing enthusiasts, leaped out of the window, preferring to risk death rather than to endure boredom. The marvel is that golfers have hitherto been so modest in the matter of giving written expression to their enthusiasm. Angling, cricket, and mountaineering have each a shelf in the public libraries, but the golfer has not yet got beyond the stage of spoken reminiscence. **Letters of a Modern Golfer to his Grandfather**, by Henry Leach (6s.), may be the beginning of a deluge. This is our only objection to the book. In itself it is very good reading, and in it the golfer will find reminiscences and instruction and solace. Mr. Leach writes with a full knowledge of the history and the humours of the royal game. He contrives, also, to weave a love-story into his letters, so that his book may bring comfort and resignation to the hearts of the ever-increasing number of golf-widows.

MESSRS. SIEGLE, HILL & CO.

An extremely pretty booklet, which is at the same time a practical and inspiring book, has been written under the initials H. E. S., and called **A Garden in Bog-Land** (2s. 6d. net). This bog-garden, which was found as the usual flat stretch with patches of black mud, became by degrees fascinating as fairy-land. Shrubs and flowers, grasses and trees, were adapted to the natural formation of the stretch of land, and the making of the paths was at the same time enterprising, enthralling, and almost Herculean. For garden-lovers, especially in Ireland, this little book will be a revelation, by word and illustration.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Mr. Leonard Henslowe.

How *are* You? (6d. net) Mr. Leonard Henslowe's admirable little book on the difficult problem of how to be healthy though human, has just gone into a third edition. Mr. Henslowe has a right enthusiasm for his subject, says a good many sagacious and helpful things on it, and gives them an epigrammatic edge that makes them good reading. He is very severe with the sick man, and lays it down that "it is a greater disgrace to be in a hospital than to be in gaol, for the former shows that we have broken a law of Nature, while the latter that we have transgressed only a law of Man," which would be hard on the cripple who had been mangled by a motor-car, only that in the next paragraph Mr. Henslowe grudgingly allows that some of us are, of course, liable to accidents. The book is breezily written and contains hard truths that will healthfully irritate the invalid, and shrewd hints that will prevent many a reader from becoming one, if he will but profit by them.

New Books of the Month.

FROM MAY 10 TO JUNE 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANON.—Absente Reo. By the Author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." 5s. net .....(Macmillan)
BRINCKMAN, ARTHUR.—Notes on the Papal Claims. 2s. 6d. net .....(Mowbray)
CARUS-WILSON, MRS. ASHLEY, B.A.—The Expansion of Christendom: A Study in Religious History. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
CHURCHWARD, ALBERT, M.D., F.G.S., etc.—The Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man. With Illustrations. 25s. net .....(Sonnenschein)
DAVIS, REV. EDGAR WILLIAM.—Christ the Desire of all Nations. 6s. .....(Morgan & Scott)
DAWSON, GRACE.—Living the Life, or Christianity in Being. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net .....(Rider)
DUFF, ARCHIBALD, D.D., LL.D.—History of Old Testament Criticism. 1s. net .....(Watts & Co.)
FARQUHAR, REV. H., B.D.—The Interpretation of Nature. 6d. net .....(A. & C. Black)
GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART.—Correspondence on Church and Religion. Selected and Arranged by D. C. Lathbury. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 Vols. 24s. net .....(John Murray)
GREEN, ARTHUR VINCENT.—The Ephesian Canonical Writings. 5s. net .....(Williams & Norgate)
Hebrews, The Epistle to the. Edited with Introduction and Notes by E. C. Wickham, D.D. 6s. .....(Methuen)
LILLEY, J. P., M.A., D.D.—The Victory of the Gospel. 6s. (Morgan & Scott)
MACLEANE, DOUGLAS, M.A.—The Battle Round a Creed. 1s. net .....(Mowbray)
MARCUS, S., PH., M.D.—What is this Universe? An Answer to Prof. Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." Translated by R. W. Felkin, M.D., etc. 1s. net (Funk & Wagnalls)
McTAGGART, J. M. E.—"Dare to be Wise." 3d. (Watts & Co.)
MEAD, G. R. S.—Some Mystical Adventures. 6s. net (Watkins)
MUIR, REV. WILLIAM, M.A., B.D.—The Call of the New Era. 6s. .....(Morgan & Scott)
PARKER, THEODORE.—Prayers. 1s. net (British & Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)
ROBINSON, WILLIAM.—By Temple Shrine and Lotus Pool. 6s. .....(Morgan & Scott)
SKINNER, JOHN, D.D.—A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Genesis. 12s. 6d. .....(T. & T. Clark)
St. Luke, The Gospel According to. Plain Commentary by Rev. G. M. MacDermott, M.A. 6d. ..(Wells Gardner)
TABRUM, ARTHUR H.—Religious Beliefs of Scientists. With an Introduction by Rev. C. L. Drawbridge, M.A. 2s. 6d. net .....(Hunter & Longhurst)
Westminster New Testament. The Captivity, and the Pastoral Epistles. With Introduction and Notes by Rev. James Strachan, M.A. 2s. net and 3s. net....(Melrose)

The House of Cassell have just published

G. K. Chesterton's
LATEST WORK
What's Wrong with the World
Cloth gilt, 6/- net *Prospectus Free*

Steamships and their Story
By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON
This is the author's authoritative companion volume to his famous "Sailing Ships and their Story." Beautifully illustrated with Coloured Frontispiece and over 150 Illustrations in line and tone. With handsomely decorated cover. Super Royal, cloth gilt, gilt top, 21/- net. *Prospectus Free.*

The Dictionary of English History
Edited by SIDNEY J. LOW, M.A., and F. S. PULLING, M.A.
Brought up to the death of King Edward, with special references to the Queen Mother. Frontispiece in Colours, 13 Full-page Illustrations. New and Revised Edition. Illustrated, medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 9/- net.

How to Know the Trees
By HENRY IRVING
With Frontispiece in Colour and many Illustrations by the Author. Cloth gilt, 3/6 net.
"A very charming little work."—*Spectator.*

Freda A New Novel
By KATHARINE TYNAN 6/-
"It is the best bit of characterisation we have had from her pen for some time."
—*Morning Post.*

Max Pemberton's
LATEST NOVEL
The Girl with the Red Hair
"Give Mr. Pemberton a castle fortress on an island or a mountain, and a semi-royal family to inhabit it, and he is perfectly happy. He has written of such places and such persons many a time, and always with success, but never, we think, with quite so much zest as he shows in 'The Girl with the Red Hair.' He must have been in positively riotously high spirits when he wrote the book, and as the tale is supposed to have come from a Cambridge undergraduate the breeziness of the style is very effective. To all who like a brisk, exciting, well-told story we heartily recommend this novel."—*Daily Mail.* "Convincing, enjoyable, and stimulating as few modern novels are."—*Scotsman.* "A series of highly exciting episodes. It is a lively romance."—*Daily Telegraph.* "Excellently Pembertonian."—*Daily Express.*
At all Libraries and Booksellers 6/-

Cassell & Co., Ld., :: :: La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

AN OPENING occurs in a Literary House in the provinces for a Journalistic Apprentice. No premium required. An excellent opportunity for a Young Lady with literary tastes. Full particulars on application to A.B., Box XX, "Bookman" Office, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, E.C.

AUTHORS AND PLAYWRIGHTS
Special facilities for placing work of every description. Particulars from Manager, Literary Department,
WIENER AGENCY, Ld., 64, STRAND, LONDON,
AND TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

SHORT BRIGHT ARTICLES of 800 or 1600 words wanted, on any interesting or topical subject in style of Magazine pages in "Daily Mail." Address, Northern Newspaper Syndicate, Kendal.

THE EDITOR of a new popular Penny Periodical requires short, bright articles of about 2,100 words, also humorous and detective stories, and anything of an unconventional character. Letters only to "Editor," c/o Dawson's, 121, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

NOW READY. PRICE 6d.
THE INDIAN STUDENT
AND THE
PRESENT DISCONTENT
BY GARFIELD WILLIAMS, M.B., B.S. (LOND.)
Dr. Garfield Williams' much discussed paper on the causes of Indian discontent and anarchy.
HODDER & STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, LONDON, E.C.

DIGBY, LONG & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.
RECOLLECTIONS OF A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE.
By J. S. FLETCHER.
Illustrated by Sketches of the Village, Church, etc., by HERBERT RAILTON. 6s.
Times says: "Mr. Fletcher has long been an authority on Yorkshire and its life."
Spectator: "We are glad to hear what Mr. Fletcher has to say about things and people in Yorkshire."
Glasgow Herald: "Makes delightful reading . . . of genuine value as a piece of literature."

A DOUBLE BLINDNESS.
By "ALIEN," Author of "His Neighbour's Landmark," "The Perfect Union." 6s.
DAILY TELEGRAPH says: "An interesting tale, very well told."

SWEET WATER AND BITTER.
By BESSIE DILL, Author of "The Silver Glen," etc. 6s.
SCOTSMAN says: "Is one of the select number of artistic novels."

MARQUESS SPLENDID. By Annie C. Tibbits. 6s.
Daily News says: "A very interesting book."
AN INNOCENT SINNER. By Alice Maud Meadows. 6s.
THE SEARCHLIGHT AND THE IDOL. By James Moon. 6s.
"A very entertaining story, cleverly worked out."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*
THE SILENT WATCHERS. By Iza Duffus Hardy. 6s.
Literary World says: "An exciting tale."
THE SECRET OF SIR GEORGE HARTLEY. By Alice M. Diehl. 6s.
SIR ROGER KEYNE. By H. Maxwell. 6s.
Times says: "Entertaining from first to last."
THE PEACOCK OF JEWELS. By Fergus Hume. 6s.
THE VENTURESOME VIRGIN. By Robert Halifax. 6s.
London: DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

LARGEST STOCK IN LONDON OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDER STOCKS.
All in perfectly new condition as originally published, but at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
June Supplementary Catalogue Just Ready (No. 371).
WM. GLAISHER, LTD.
Remainder and Discount Booksellers, 265 High Holborn, London.

AUTHORS wishing to make arrangements for **PUBLISHING**
are invited to communicate with
LYNWOOD & CO., Publishers,
12, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.
who will be pleased to consider MSS. and advise (free)
Please write before sending MSS.

XUM

NEW EDITIONS.

COMTE, AUGUSTE.—Treatise on Positivism. Introduction by Frederic Harrison. Books that Marked Epochs. 2s. 6d. net .....(Routledge)
SEELEY, SIR JOHN ROBERT, K.C.M.G.—Ecce Homo. Introduction by Rev. J. Edwin Odgers. Books that Marked Epochs. 2s. 6d. net .....(Routledge)
TREVOR, JOHN.—My Quest for God. 5s. net.....(Fifield)

FICTION.

ANDREIYEFF, LEONIDAS.—A Dilemma: A Story of Mental Perplexity. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos. 4s. .....(Brown, Philadelphia)
ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—The Rod of Justice. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
BARING, MAX.—Joanna and his Reverence. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall)
BENSON, E. F.—Daisy's Aunt. 2s. net.....(Nelson)
BERESFORD, LESLIE.—The Second Rising. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
BREBNER, PERCY JAMES.—A Gentleman of Virginia. 6s. (Macmillan)
BROWN, ALICE.—Country Neighbours. 6s.....(Constable)
BROWN, DEMETRA and KENNETH.—The Duke's Price. 6s. .....(Constable)
CAPES, BERNARD.—The Will and the Way. 2s. 6d. net (John Murray)
COX, MARIAN.—The Crowds and the Veiled Woman. 6s. (Funk & Wagnalls)
FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE. Stories by. ("Trois Contes." Translated by Frederic Whyte.) The World's Story-Tellers Series. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net (T. C. & E. C. Jack)
GALSWORTHY, JOHN.—A Motley. 6s.....(Heinemann)
GIBSON, ALFRED.—London and a Girl. 6s.....(Cassell)
GOULD, NAT.—The Chance of a Lifetime. 1s. net (John Long)
HANDASYDE.—The Heart of Marylebone. 6s. (Hutchinson)
HANSHEW, T. W.—Fate and the Man. 3s. 6d.....(Cassell)
HARDY, IZA DUFFUS.—The Silent Watchers. 6s. (Digby, Long)
HAVREN.—Miss Arbuthnot. 6s.....(John Long)
HUEFFER, FORD MADOX.—The Portrait. 6s...(Methuen)
JEPSON, EDGAR.—Lord Lisdor. 1s. net.....(Greening)
KAYE, MICHAEL W.—The Duke's Vengeance. 6s. (Greening)
LOCKE, WILLIAM J.—Simon the Jester. 6s.....(John Lane)
LYALL, DAVID.—The One who Came After. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
MAYNE, ETHEL COLBURN.—Things that No One Tells. 5s. net .....(Chapman & Hall)
McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY.—The O'Flynn. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
MEADE, L. T.—A Girl of To-day. 6s.....(John Long)
MEADOWS, ALICE MAUD.—An Innocent Sinner. 6s. (Digby, Long)
MOLE, MARION.—Vera of the Strong Heart. 6s....(Melrose)
MORDECAI, MARGARET.—The Flower of Destiny. 6s. (Putnam's)
MURDOCH, GLADYS H.—Sterling Silver. 6s.....(Allen)
NEALE, WALTER, and ELIZABETH H. HANCOCK.—The Betrayal. 6s. .....(Neale Publishing Co.)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Girl with the Red Hair. 6s. (Cassell)
POORE, L. C.—Motives. 6s. .....(Elliot Stock)
RATH, E. J.—The Sixth Speed. 6s.....(Cassell)
REVERMORT, J. A.—Cuthbert Learmont. 6s.....(Constable)
ROBERTS, MORLEY.—Sea Dogs: A Set of Sea Comedies. 2s. net .....(Eveleigh Nash)
SAUNDERSON, IRENE.—A Welsh Heroine. 6s...(Lynwood)
SCOTT, ERIC CLEMENT.—The Fall of a Saint. 6s. (Greening)
SHEFFIELD, ANNE.—A Circle of Five. 1s.....(H. J. Drane)
SIDGWICK, E.—Promise. 6s. .....(Sidgwick & Jackson)
TYNAN, KATHARINE.—Freda. 6s. .....(Cassell)
WATTS, MARY S.—Nathan Burke. 6s.....(Macmillan)
WHITE, FRED M.—The Five Knots. 6s.....(Ward, Lock)
WORDLER, A. M. T.—The House Desolate. 6s. (John Ouseley)

NEW EDITIONS.

BENSON, A. C.—The House of Quiet. 1s. net..(John Murray)
BLACKMORE, R. D.—Lorna Doone. 1s. net (Sampson Low)
DE MUSSET, PAUL.—He and She. Translated by G. F. Monkshood. Lotus Library. 1s. 6d. net ..(Greening)
ORCZY, BARONESS.—By the Gods Beloved. 1s. net (Greening)
TURNER, REGINALD.—Castles in Kensington. 1s. net (Greening)
YORKE, CURTIS.—Alix of the Glen. 6d.....(John Long)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ALLSOPP, HENRY.—The Woodman, and Other Poems. 2s. net .....(Blackwell, Oxford)
AMBROSIUS, JOHANNA.—Poems. Rendered into English by Ellen Kullmann. 3s. 6d. net...(Sherratt & Hughes)
ANDERSON, C. G.—Thyme and Thistledown. 3s. 6d. net (Digby, Long)
ANON.—Threnodies, Sketches, and Other Poems. By the Author of "Thysia." 3s. 6d. net.....(Bell & Sons)
ARKELL, LAURA.—Poems. 2s. net.....(The Cedar Press)
BINNS, HENRY BRYAN.—The Wanderer, and Other Poems. 1s. net .....(Fifield)
BLAIR, WILFRID ("PEMBIE").—Poets on the Isis, and Other Perversions. 3s. 6d. net.....(Blackwell)
CLIFFORD, PERCIVAL.—Lights and Shades.....(Hammond)
COLUM, PADRAIC.—Thomas Muskerry: A Play in Three Acts. 1s. net .....(Maunsel)
DE BANVILLE, THEODORE.—Gringoire. Edited by F. W. M. Draper. 6d. net .....(Alston Rivers)
FEAVER, J. W.—Poems. 1s. 6d. net .....(Fifield)
GEORGE, STEFAN.—Selection from his Works. Translated into English by Cyril Scott. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
GOLDRING, DOUGLAS.—A Country Boy, and Other Poems. 1s. net.....(Adelphi Press)
GRAY, MAXWELL.—England's Son, and Other Poems. 3s. 6d. net .....(Digby, Long)
HAGEDORN, HERMANN.—A Troop of the Guard, and Other Poems. 4s. 6d. .....(Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston)
HAGEDORN, HERMANN.—The Woman of Corinth (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston)
KINROSS, CHARLES.—The Ballad of John Dunn, and Other Poems. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.....(Elkin Mathews)
MACKERETH, JAMES A.—A Son of Cain. 3s. 6d. net (Longmans)
MACKINNON, ALLAN.—The Oxford Amateurs. With Illustrations. 16s. net .....(Chapman & Hall)
MORRISON, E. W.—The Lays of a Lyrical Lounger (Kingshurst Publishing Co., 12, Regent Street, S.W.)
NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH.—The Case against Wagner. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. 1s. net..(Foulis)
NOGUCHI, YONE.—From the Eastern Sea. 4s. net (Elkin Mathews)
PARSONS, CHARLES F.—Some Thoughts at Eventide. With Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. 5s. net (Methuen)
PATTERSON, A. A.—Quacks and Twitters. ..(Alden, Oxford)
ROSSETTI, WILLIAM MICHAEL.—Dante and His Convito: A Study. With Translations. 7s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
SAINTSBURY, GEORGE.—A History of English Prosody. Vol. III. From Blake to Mr. Swinburne. 15s. net (Macmillan)
Singing of the Birds, The Time of the. 3s. 6d. net....(Frowde)
SWIFT, JONATHAN, D.D.—The Poems of. Edited by William Ernest Browning. With Frontispiece Portraits. 2 Vols. 3s. 6d. per Vol. .....(G. Bell & Sons)
THOMPSON, EDWARD J.—The Enchanted Lady. 3s. 6d. net .....(Bell)
TRUMAN, JOSEPH.—Later Poems. 1s. ..(A. L. Humphreys)

NEW EDITIONS.

Ballads, Old. Selected by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch. 3d. and 4d. (Clarendon Press, Oxford)
BLAKE, WILLIAM.—Poetical Works. Introduction by William Butler Yeats. Books that Marked Epochs. 2s. 6d. net .....(Routledge)
TENNYSON.—Poems. World's Classics. 1s. net...(Frowde)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

All-Rail Route, The, Between the Far East and Europe. With Maps and Illustrations. Christophers' Handbook. 2s. net .....(Christophers)
BAKER, CAPTAIN B. GRANVILLE.—The Walls of Constantinople. With Illustrations. 16s. net..(John Milne)
BICKNELL, ETHEL E.—St. Ives, Cornwall. Illustrated. 6d. and 1s. (Homeland Association, 15, Bedford Street, Strand)
CAICO, LOUISE.—Sicilian Ways and Days. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net .....(John Long)
Church Guide, The Tourists'. 2d. .....(Mowbray)
DAVIES, REV. DAVID.—The Ancient Celtic Church of Wales: Where is It? 1s. net....(Simpkin, Marshall)
DOBELL, BERTRAM.—The Laureate of Pessimism: A Sketch of the Life and Character of James Thomson ("B. V.").....(Dobell)
DYSON, C. C.—The Life of Marie Amélie, Last Queen of the French, 1782–1866. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net (John Long)
FERGUSON, EMILY.—Janey Canuck in the West. With Illustrations. 6s. .....(Cassell)
HALL, SOPHY.—Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell: Founder of Savings Banks. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net (Oliphant, Anderson)
HART, REV. CHARLES.—Joan, the Maid of France. With Illustrations in Colour. 2s. 6d. net.....(Dent)
HINCKS, MARCELLE AZRA.—The Japanese Dance. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann)
HIRST, W. A.—Argentina. With an Introduction by Martin Hume. 10s. 6d. net.....(Fisher Unwin)
HOLT-WHITE, W.—The People's King. 2s. net (Eveleigh Nash)

Ideal Holiday Novels

¶ A MAID OF THE SILVER SEA. A New Romance. **By JOHN OXENHAM,** Author of "Barbe of Grand Bayou," "Hearts in Exile," etc. **6/-**

What the reviewers think of Mr. Oxenham's ideal heroine.

"As charming a heroine as one could wish."—*Daily Mail.*

"A most lovable and fascinating young woman."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"A wild, charming child of the sea."—*Ladies' Field.*

"Nance Hamon makes a delightful heroine."—*Church Family Newspaper.*

"The very incarnation and symbol of the storm-lashed Island of Sark."—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

¶ THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Illustrated in Colour. **6/-**

"Here Mr. Oppenheim is at his best. To say only that it is a murder and detective story—even though we add that the world is that of high diplomacy and international politics—would be, though true, to do it no justice at all, for it is of a quite unusual kind; and we will not spoil the reader for its enjoyment by saying more than that the Prince is a Japanese Prince, and the different ideals of East and West are brought into striking contrast in an original climax."—*Times.*

"In his latest novel Mr. Phillips Oppenheim has risen far above the average level of his work, and has given us not merely a vivid story but a really fine study of a national type." *The Outlook.*

¶ OUT OF THE NIGHT. By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS, Author of "Broken Off," "The Man who Won," etc. **6/-**

"We can always depend upon Mrs. Baillie Reynolds for a really normal view of life, and though 'Out of the Night' has complex situations and deals with two unhappy marriages, it nevertheless maintains a high standard of wholesomeness. . . . Will add to Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' reputation."—*Morning Post.*

"Vernon is perfection; nothing need be altered in her development. Many of the minor characters are well sketched in, with great humour. Altogether this is a most excellent novel, which was well worth the writing, and will be found by all to be well worth the reading."—*Daily Telegraph.*

¶ THE UNSPOKEN WORD. By MORICE GERARD, Author of "The King's Signet," "Rose of Blenheim," etc. **6/-**

"The story from the first page to the last is of engrossing interest. Many thrilling pages."—*Scotsman.*

"Fresh, bright, sparkling with life, and altogether delightful."—*Record.*

"Mr. Gerard's exciting story."—*Guardian.*

"One of the most popular novelists of the day—contrives to keep his work at a high level. Though frankly sensational in tone and treatment, 'The Unspoken Word' is as fresh and virile as if it were a first novel."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

HODDER & STOUGHTON, Publishers, LONDON, E.C.

A Growing Bookcase

—that is the kind you want. A Bookcase that grows with your needs—not too big to begin with, not too little later on. The Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase is what you require. It is built up in Sections, is bought in Sections, is always complete but never finished. It is the only satisfactory solution to the Bookcasing problem, and you, if you intend buying a bookcase, should investigate its many merits.

Packing Free. Orders of £2 **Carriage Paid** to any Goods Station in the **British Isles.** Send for Catalogue No. 18 B, free from

The Globe-Wernicke Co.

Office and Library Furnishers,

44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, London, E.C.; 82, VICTORIA ST., London, S.W.; and 91 and 92, Bishopsgate St. Within, E.C.

OUR HOMES

"If ever in this country the house beautiful should cease to be an exception and become the rule, Mr. Shaw Sparrow," says the *Glasgow Herald,* "will have had more than a little share in bringing about that most desirable reform."—His latest book, "Our Homes, and How to Make the Best of Them," is beautifully illustrated both in colour and black and white. "It is," says the *Daily Chronicle,* "cheap as to price, attractive as to appearance, and full of ideas and good advice."—"Those about to found a home may find in Mr. Sparrow's pages as much as may be learned in any school other than that of experience."—*Outlook.*

OUR HOMES AND HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF THEM. By W. SHAW SPARROW. With plates in colour and numerous illustrations, 7/6 net.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, Publishers, LONDON